

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts. In three volumes. London: John Chapman, 142 Strand. 1848.

If Dr. Channing's career had been closed fifteen years ago, opinion would have been greatly divided respecting his merits as a thinker and his influence as a writer. The hero of a sect was, not unnaturally, regarded as a pretender by professional critics; and he sustained for awhile the double misfortune of theological favoritism and literary depreciation. In his productions there was a freshness of manner sufficient, on the one hand, to suggest the claim of originality, and, on the other, to provoke the charge of ambitious and unscholar-like departure from recognized standards of judgment and taste. The proportion in which the truth was divided between these opposite exaggerations, is now pretty well understood. The time is fully come,—not to say a little past,—for assigning to the American essayist his true place; and the present memoir rather follows, than precedes the united verdict of his generation. He was not a man of such dimensions as to require great distance for his admeasurement; and if he were, perhaps, in the present condition of the world, with blended elements of unity and variety in its civilization, distance of space is an adequate substitute for lapse of time, and the mutual judgments of nations may foreshadow the sentence of posterity. The action of his thought was wide and immediate, rather than deep and slow; tending more to ripen the best fruits of the present, than to crumble the soil, and prepare the seed for growths invisible and future. In this respect, indeed, his productions mark an era in the literature of our language. He is the first purely moral writer who has acquired a popular power, and found his way, not only into the boudoir of the professed reader, but into the pocket of the artisan. Essayists, never able to escape, as a class, the repute of dulness, have been content, from the time of Addison to that of Coleridge, to find acceptance in the library of the student, or at the breakfast-table of the man of letters; and even these have been glad to shelter themselves under the cover of some Review, which would secure them introduction to a political party of larger range than their own natural circulation. Channing, far from being dependent on such artificial extension of his audience, found all

the customary media and methods of publication too narrow for his thought. His articles of review were snatched from the periodicals in which they first appeared, and, notwithstanding their grave and earnest character, spread with the rapidity of a revolutionary speech or an exciting fiction. His lectures and sermons, though perpetually trenching on the polemic ground of philosophy and divinity, could not be confined to the ordinary circle, but passed into the hands of thousands by whom the literature of the platform and the pulpit had been held in little respect. The numerous editions of his works, and the competition of popular publishers for their English sale, indicate a scope and direction of influence unexampled among writers of the same class. Channing could well afford to neglect the hostile criticisms with which he was occasionally assailed; whatever supercilious purists might say of his style, and scrupulous orthodoxy deplore in his theology, he was assuredly one of the powers of the passing age; made so, in part, by singular adaptation to its moral wants, in part by certain elements of intrinsic greatness, which the present memoir enables us to point out.

These volumes, for which we are indebted to Mr. W. H. Channing, nephew to Dr. Channing, present rather the history of a mind, than the record of a life; we might better say, the *portraiture* of a mind in its various relations and modes of activity. For nothing is more striking in the sketch which they give, than the absence of all movement or essential change of scene, and the slight dependence of their interest upon the biographical order of succession. They carry us, indeed, along the line of great events; enabling us to watch, from beside the cradle of the young American republics, the struggles of the old world through the vastest war, and the most productive peace of modern times. They introduce us into the society of many considerable men, Story and Marshall, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Sismondi and Degerando, Blanco White and Theodore Parker. And their action would appear to shift its place sufficiently, transporting us, as it does, not only to the beach and hills of Rhode Island, the hospitable plantations of Virginia, the ambitious intelligence of Boston, but to the banks of Windermere, the passes of Switzerland, and the streets of Rome. Yet all these varieties are ineffectual to relieve the sameness — perhaps we should rather say,

to break the unity — of impressions left by these volumes. One central figure so entirely engages attention, that his surroundings are scarcely noticed; as if he would realize his own doctrine, that all nature is but the servitor of the human soul, the external universe seems to be absolved and to vanish in the personality of Channing. It is impossible to doubt that he would have presented the same outline, with scarcely different coloring of character, under conditions little similar. And not only is the outward life, in a great measure, indifferent to the inward, but this latter presents a singular completeness from the very first. The usual changes of feeling which mark the lapse of years, are but faintly visible in Channing, or are even reversed in their order of appearance. In his youth there was a maturity, in his age a freshness and enthusiasm, which delightfully contradict the natural chronology of human sentiments, and exhibit the ascendancy of moral over physiological causes. And while we scarcely know a life more nobly characterized by successful aspirations, its progress, like all achievements of the strong will, is traced by no revolution, but is a simple growth in harmony and magnitude. In politics, in philosophy, in religion, his leading convictions, even where most peculiarly his own, had been already elaborated before the period of manhood; and his subsequent work consisted in the successive application of them to the several interests of society and relations of life. A mind entirely devoted to the development of one idea, and the satisfaction of some one feeling, rarely presents materials for an interesting biography. But an exception must be made in favor of Channing. The generous breadth of his favorite principles, the skill with which he found in them a clue through the labyrinth of metaphysics and the perplexities of practical politics — the graceful fidelity of his personal homage to them, even where it demanded justice to those who injured, and appreciation of those who denied them — impart to his life a beauty and dignity truly impressive.

In the performance of his task, the biographer does not particularly please us. He seems to have formed to himself no distinct conception as to the mode of dealing with his materials, and to have vibrated between opposite suggestions. He sustains the part, neither of chronicler, nor of critic, though he appears at intervals as both. From the fear of yielding to the impulse of personal attachment and veneration, he restrains himself where the reader is most ready to sympathize, and becomes stiff and cold; yet has no objection to appear *propria personâ*, and intimate

his opinions on mesmerism, communism, and other matters not lying directly in his way. In the maturest and fullest part of Channing's life, the biographer abandons his proper office of narrator, throws out of his book the element of time, and sets himself to analyze the character upon which he is engaged, in a succession of somewhat homiletic chapters on the Preacher, the Reformer, the Friend. We object to this dissolution of a man into certain fictitious elements or capacities; it proposes an impossible problem to the imagination; for, put them together as you will, they never give you back the real being as he lived and was. If the vital synthesis in which nature holds all the faculties and functions, be destroyed, you may find the man's theoretical equivalent, but you miss his actual self. True, it requires a peculiar genius to be able to see a large character as a whole, much more to present it to another eye without destroying its living unity of expression. The writer who has not the artistic skill to do this, should the more conscientiously devote himself to the elucidation of external facts, and at least, show his hero distinctly in action, if not in essence. Those who cannot paint their subject effectively as it is, will do no good by stripping off the skin, and numbering the muscles supposed to be at work; but will only replace a work of beauty with some dreadful anatomical plate. We will illustrate our meaning by citing a passage in which the biographer describes Dr. Channing's habits of composition:—

“Systematically, from even early years, he disciplined his fancy to severe soberness; though any one who knew him intimately could not but see how richly stored were his galleries of thought with exquisite natural images. He feared that the sense of the hearer or reader would be lured from the aspect of truth to the splendor of her robes by the use of metaphor, and so habitually checked his instinctive propensity to present laws and principles by the medium of symbols. His effort was, to utter himself plainly. The exercise of imagination, also, he restrained, limiting its sphere to giving a fresh and vigorous embodiment to his ideas in the most obvious form, though he was apt and able for original creation, if he had seen it to be a befitting work. The very play of the affections he subdued, and constantly sought for a calm, attempered, equable tone of statement, though his fervent will necessarily infused a glow of eloquence through the whole texture of his composition. And, finally, he would not allow himself to be abstract or scientific in his method or vocabulary, for fear that the public

would be deterred from listening to, or prevented from apprehending the divine thoughts which he was empowered to teach, unless won to attention by a familiar mode of treatment. In a word, he saw an immediate duty to be done, which was to rouse his lethargic fellow-beings to a consciousness of the grandeur of man's spiritual existence, and resolutely consecrated himself, by iteration and reiteration of one sublime lesson, now breathed softly in whispers, now rung out like an alarum, to break the dream of the world, and to summon the multitude to the labors and joys of a brightening morning."—p. 343.

Whether our readers obtain any distinct information from this account we cannot tell. But for ourselves, we confess, as we look through it, to a very thick and uncomfortable state of vision. We cannot represent to ourselves a man sitting in his study, with his several "faculties" lying before him like the keys of an instrument, now thrusting a thumb against the stop of Fancy, now tying up the pedal of Imagination, opening and shutting the swell of the Affections, and withal consigning the whole operation to the stiff and awkward fingers of the Will. Such a *voluntary* performance, we submit, is impossible to any man; and, were it not, would be most unmusical to all men. We find in these volumes many such descriptions, with no appreciable reality at their centre. Here is one, referring again to the curious art of managing one's own faculties,—an office apparently so difficult, that without a special "Ministry for the Interior" to see to it, anything like success is impossible.

"It was Dr. Channing's desire and purpose to write a book on the growth of a religious spirit, in which, in a partly biographical, partly didactic form, he would have illustrated his own experience in regard to the true function of conscience. He had discovered that the monarchical principle in human nature becomes despotic, when not checked by the representative element of the natural affections, and the constitutional law of enlightened reason. He had learned thoroughly the benefits of moral gymnastics in solitary self-discipline; but he had learned also that the useful exertion of all faculties combined, in pursuit of worthy ends amidst our fellows, is the highest training for symmetric goodness."—p. 406.

A little less ingenuity wasted on these subtle fictions, and a little more pains given to the illustration of the direct narrative, would have greatly improved this memoir. The

early portion of it is very superior to the later in care and distinctness; though an author, avowedly writing for European as well as American readers, would have done well to furnish some account of the state of political and religious parties which surrounded the youth, and influenced the career of Channing. We fear we shall incur the imputation of living in Stygian darkness, but we must nevertheless make the humiliating confession, that we have but an indifferent acquaintance with the Fisher Ames politics, and the Hopkinsian divinity. Was our excellent biographer ever presented, without notice, with a letter of introduction, handed to him by an "eminent author," of whose works he was quite ignorant? If so, he will understand the confusion of his unenlightened readers, suddenly thrown into the distinguished society of Cabot, Pickering, and Strong. The want of explanatory matter, is, however, most conspicuous in portions of the memoir containing the letters of Dr. Channing. The editor has perhaps exercised a necessary discretion in excluding entirely one side of the correspondence; but he seems quite unaware of the disadvantage to which his readers are thus exposed, having answers without questions, and reflections without the occasions which awaken them. The effect is often strange enough: manœuvres of argument move over the field before us, and light shafts of sentiment fly through the air; but the object to which they are directed is concealed from view. By breaking up, moreover, the order of natural succession, and setting forth Dr. Channing's views according to a classification of subjects, the difficulty is increased of estimating his precise position in reference to the great social movements in which he took a part. The element of time cannot be thrown out, without leaving it doubtful how far he was a leader, how far a follower, in the reforming efforts associated with his name. Nor can we think the long extracts from Dr. Channing's manuscript sermons, introduced without any connecting link of narrative, like a chapter printed from an album, at all a legitimate feature in a biography. Every reader, we presume, will pass them by, and recur to them, if at all, at a time when he needs, not the human interest of a good man's life, but the reflective aid of a wise man's thought. The collective effect of these imperfections in the memoir is felt in a want of life and personal distinctness. A saintly haze surrounds the figure on which our eye is fixed, and he remains more like a being of whom we have dreamed, and vainly tried to pursue and reach, than like the friend whose hand is familiar to our grasp, and whose voice talks to

our ear in the reveries of absence. The dream, however, has, after all, a lofty beauty of its own, and can present itself to none without leaving behind it a fresh ideal light of noble goodness to mingle with the common cares and duties of this real world.

William Ellery Channing, born at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1780, belonged, by family, to that mercantile and professional class, which in England constitutes the middle, and in America almost the highest grade of society. His father, cut off, in 1793, in the midst of his career as a successful advocate, left a large family, in which William occupied the place of second son, with only the scantiest maintenance. The household was thus reduced, by a sudden blow, from moderate affluence to anxious economy; the shrewd, vivacious mother, once remarkable for graceful and free-hearted wit, seems, without losing the cleverness of her administration, to have conducted it no longer with the light hand of power, and, with something of irritable solicitude, to have prematurely made her boys partakers of her cares. Her father, however,—the same William Ellery whose signature appears at the foot of the Declaration of Independence—interested himself in the education of Francis and William, and became, in some sort, their guardian, till the one was settled in practice as a lawyer, and the other had completed his studies in divinity. The profession of the latter was not determined, except by his own free choice at the close of his university course. Up to that time, the world was all open before him; and notwithstanding the "*res angusta domi*," it was thought that, whatever his path over it might be, a large and liberal culture would be his best guidance and preparation. In this respect, notwithstanding their alleged impatience for the dollars, our New England cousins, in common with all communities trained under the influence of the Genevan Reformation, have always shown a wisdom which we have yet to learn. With the exception of his early orphanhood, which removed him to the care of a clerical uncle at New London, to be prepared for college, there was nothing in the circumstances of Channing's childhood, to which we can point as a material cause of his future character. He himself, indeed, was fond, in after life, of retracing the incidents of his young days, and fancying how they had shaped and moulded him; with the gratitude of a modest and loving memory, he attributed many a good within him to rigorous relations, indifferent schoolmasters, and the influence of meritorious, yet apparently nasal and dissonant divines. But it is the native delusion of a pure mind to consider itself the

creature of those surrounding conditions which do but let it grow, or cannot hinder it from growing; and we incline to a very humble estimate of Channing's obligations to his early training. All that is told of the brave, graceful, and generous boy, leader of the mirth, until checked by the coarseness of his schoolfellows,—of his disgust of corporeal punishments,—his sense of honor and of beauty,—his strength against supernatural fears,—his anguish at the sight of cruelty,—presents to us the image of a nature superior to the agencies that pretended to educate it, and working its solitary way to aims unthought of there. From the first indications of his character, it became evident that the power within him predominated over the influences without, and was destined to exert a constant, and sometimes an injurious ascendancy. His slowness of acquisition at school, arising, as it did, from no mental incapacity, already betrayed his inability to quiet the reflective activity and restless ideality within him, sufficiently to sit, with docile memory, on the steps of the grammatic oracles. The forms of communicated knowledge remained foreign and lifeless to him, till he caught their connection with the moving lights and shadows of his own heart; and even then, they became interesting only as materials for the study of spiritual design and coloring. The four years from 1794 to 1798, spent by him at Harvard university, disclosed his taste for moral and historical studies, his aptitude for criticism and rhetoric, and that singular blending of caution and romance which always marked his judgment of human affairs. The reminiscences of him, furnished by his distinguished friend and classmate, Judge Story, declare that he had little fondness for mathematical and metaphysical studies; and though this is denied by the biographer, the facts which he mentions do not disturb the testimony of Judge Story. To put Euclid into the pocket, as companion of a vacation ramble, is the act, not of the real, but of the *dilettanti* geometer. It is not uncommon to find a transient and occasional relish for geometry in persons who have a vehement propensity to sentiment and reverie. The vague course, and unproductive excitement of their habitual meditations become wearisome and enervating; yet the tendency to musing is too strong to yield to any of the ordinary calls upon voluntary attention, and nothing less severe than the chain of demonstration itself, denying all advance except from link to link, can determine the mind to a line of deductive thought, and exchange its passive dreams of fancy for a momentary sense of active intellectual gain. The mathematical

humor is, in such case, like a sudden fit of good resolve in a careless and irregular life; giving that feeling of order and power which always becomes positively delightful in proportion as confusion has ceased to be positively distressing. But good, whether intellectual or moral, which thus arises from reaction, perishes in relapse. It is an augury, rather of what the character *is not*, than of what it *is*, and, in the long run, will be found to leave no trace behind. Of this kind, we suspect, were Channing's scientific moods, which no more produced any permanent effect, than the cold fit of a fever alters the burning character of the disease. His interests were never engaged with Nature, Time, and Space, but with Man, Duty, and God; and no problems could long fix his attention except the ancient mysteries ever proposed anew by the affections, and resolved again by faith. Even the philosophy of human nature seems to have had little attraction for him, beyond the boundaries of its *moral* doctrine: questions of pure psychology, of logic, of the higher metaphysics, awakened in him barely curiosity enough to make him acquainted with their existence. In seeking some second-hand acquaintance with the characteristic ideas of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, he was influenced only by a certain obscure sympathy of *sentiment*, which, being equally directed to them all, implied no true apprehension, but, on the contrary, misapprehension, of the system of each. (II. 94.) His understanding, in short, was essentially practical, not scientific; concerning itself with truth as subservient to action; unable to dwell in the contemplation of reality, from the brilliancy of its ulterior visions of perfection. This characteristic naturally became more decided, as he receded from the seclusion of his academic period, and was thrown into contact with the struggling world. After leaving college, he spent a year and a half as private tutor or schoolmaster, on a planter's estate near Richmond, Virginia,—a time, not indeed without the advantages of polished society, the solace of considerate treatment, and the luxury of studious hours, yet rendered unutterably lonely by want of sympathy, bitter from the pinch of poverty, and nobly sad by the wasting fever of an ascetic enthusiasm. His broken health was partially repaired by a quiet residence, in further prosecution of his studies, first at his native place, afterwards in enjoyment of a kind of scholarship at Harvard; till in 1803 he was able to enter on the incumbency of the Federal Street church in Boston, which he retained till within two years of his death. With the exception of a year's journey in Europe in 1822-3, and occasional

absences compelled by illness, his life, during a ministry of nearly forty years, was uniform and uneventful, varying only with the insensible changes in the individual by the lapse of years, and the shifting aspects of duty, according to the progression of human affairs. Throughout these years, our attention is less arrested by any specific passages of conduct or experience, than by the persistent self-reverence and disinterestedness which pervade the whole. His thought and his life were so completely one, that each might be reached by prediction from the other. His writings are simply the expression of what he was, and the monotony sometimes charged upon them indicates the limit of his personal range.

The key-note to the whole of Dr. Channing's character and convictions, is found in his sense of the inherent greatness of man. This feeling, of which his entire system of belief is but the manifold development, was not in him a mere fervor of romance, incident to the first youthful consciousness of generous power, and liable to be quenched by disappointment, or to grow pale and faint with age. It was early and deliberately adopted as a fundamental point of faith; engaged in its defence the first efforts of his philosophical reason; supported itself by the authority of his favorite authors; and remained the immovable centre of his reverence and trust, amid all the inroads of doubt and sorrow. It was, in fact, his *natural* creed. A mind distinguished for purity and quickness of moral apprehension, cannot but believe, at least, in the *occasional realities* of the excellence and beauty it discerns; and this will rise into the belief of their *universal possibility*, if there be also remarkable strength of will and habitual self-conquest. It is difficult for genius, it is impossible for goodness, to suppose others incapable of seeing its visions and outstripping its achievements. Those vehement contrasts between divine aspirations and low vices, which take place in men of ideal elevation and imbecile purpose, and which burst out, in their despair, into the doctrine of human helplessness, were unknown to Channing's unimpassioned nature. The natural tendency of his mind to a lofty stoicism, was sure to be confirmed by the repulsive form in which the opposite sentiments were presented in the society around him. On the one hand, the boastful and licentious temper produced by French fatalism, disgusted him with the philosophy of self-love; on the other, the extravagant self-depreciation, the black and red scene-painting, the hysteric cries of danger, which proceeded from the old Calvinism, affected him with a sense of unreality, and provoked him to feel that he needed religion as a means of progress,

not as an escape from despair. The early truthfulness of his nature is well illustrated by the following anecdote "related by himself."

"His father, with the view of giving him a ride, took William in his chaise one day as he was going to hear a famous preacher in the neighborhood. Impressed with the notion that he might learn great things from the unseen world, he listened attentively to the sermon. With very glowing rhetoric, the lost state of man was described, his abandonment to evil, helplessness, dependence upon sovereign grace, and the need of earnest prayer as the condition of receiving this divine aid. In the view of the speaker, a curse seemed to rest upon the earth, and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature. William, for his part, supposed that henceforth those who believed would abandon all other things to seek this salvation, and that amusement and earthly business would no longer occupy a moment. The service over, they went out of the church, and his father, in answer to the remark of some person, said, with a decisive tone, 'Sound doctrine, sir.' 'It is all true, then,' was his inward reflection. A heavy weight fell on his heart. He wanted to speak to his father; he expected his father would speak to him in relation to this tremendous crisis of things. They got into the chaise and rode along, but, absorbed in awful thoughts, he could not raise his voice. Presently his father began to whistle! At length they reached home; but instead of calling the family together, and telling them of the appalling intelligence which the preacher had given, his father took off his boots, put his feet upon the mantel-piece, and quietly read a newspaper. All things went on as usual. At first, he was surprised; but not being given to talking, he asked no explanations. Soon, however, the question arose, 'Could what he had heard be true? No! his father did not believe it; people did not believe it! It was *not* true!' He felt that he had been trifled with, that the preacher had deceived him; and from that time, he became inclined to distrust everything oratorical, and to measure exactly the meaning of words; he had received a profound lesson on the worth of sincerity."—I. p. 32.

Though Channing was never much of a philosopher, he knew how to resort to philosophy for the confirmation of his favorite beliefs. He wanted to give system and consistency to his faith in human disinterestedness; and his wish was fulfilled in the Ethics of Hutcheson. He wanted a basis for his implicit trust in conscience; and he found it in the Sermons of Butler. The service thus rendered him by

these writers, made them his favorites ever after. They did for him what we do not think he could ever have effected for himself—placed a scheme of doctrine upon something like a scientific ground. He could more often feel and announce a truth in its insulation, than attach it to its premises; he could think it *forward* to its application, but not *backward* to its *principia*. His estimate of human nature once adopted, the remainder of his life consisted in the successive direction of it upon the three grand divisions of human interests,—political, religious, and social; his views in relation to the first, being unfolded between 1798 and 1814; to the second, between 1813 and 1822; to the third, between 1823 and 1842.

During the early manhood of Channing, the eyes of all civilized nations were fixed upon France. The intense interest and vast magnitude of the drama enacting upon that stage, supplied, for once, a topic for the world; and the young States of America, whose detachment from the European family had introduced the great series of passing events, could not be indifferent spectators of the old-world struggle. The two parties into which the nation was divided, were, for the time, distinguished by their opinions on foreign, rather than on domestic questions. The democrats, true to their creed and their antipathies, regarded it as a point of honor to look with suspicion upon England, and to hope everything for France; and the career of the first consul did not break the delusion which treated that country as the sole example and asylum of European liberty. The federalists, unable to alienate themselves entirely from their old English attachments, and replace them by a set of French sympathies, saw the advance of Napoleon in its true light, except that they exaggerated its danger to themselves. Boston was the head-quarters of federalism; whose ascendancy, however, was not so undisputed even there, as to exclude bitter and fierce contention; the democrats being denounced as Jacobins, the federalists as tools of England. Channing strongly espoused the federalist opinions; not, however, from the mere influence of the political climate in which he lived, not even for the historical and constitutional reasons operative on the statesmen and leaders of the party to which he was attached, but as a direct consequence of the doctrine of human nature, which he applied to all affairs. It was his reverence for individual man that lay at the root of his attachment to free institutions. He trusted the natural forces of reason and conscience, and thought them adequate to the work of self-government, provided the State and the Church were made the means, not of their repression, but of their

development. He required, therefore, from every country pretending to superior freedom, a scrupulous respect for the personal rights of its citizens, and a profound sense of international justice; and could endure no government which did not render, in all its relations, a public homage to the right. The very source of the French republican liberties, rather from struggling egotism than from mutual reverence, was odious to him. A government, swept by the storms of revolution from all moral restraints, and using the plea of necessity or destiny to justify every lawless aggression, was to him an object of unqualified abhorrence. And a ruler like Napoleon, the representative of irresponsible self-will, the organ of an iron fatalism, who used his country instead of serving it, who treated men as his puppets, and kingdoms as his merchandise,—who had lost all affection and veracity in the desire to turn history into a romance, of which he should be the hero, concentrated in himself everything from which Channing most recoiled. Hence, the vehement anti-Gallicism which broke out in various fast and thanksgiving sermons, and in his well-known review of Scott's "Life of Napoleon." The opinions there avowed have often been accused of extravagance. In making his estimate, he has certainly not occupied the historian's point of view; and perhaps he imperfectly apprehended the difficulty of applying the highest principles of duty to governments, whose function it is to step in precisely where duty has failed, and of comprising *within* the moral code, the use of that *unmoral* element of force which lies behind it. But this inability to reconcile the historical with the Christian method of judgment, is not peculiar to him. He shares it with almost every moral critic of political events. It was no less conspicuous in Arnold than in Channing. Both of them had the same desire to bring all public polity before the eternal law of right, to which private life already rendered its account; and the main difference was, that Channing attempted by unflinching application of the principles of individual morality, what Arnold sought to accomplish by a compromise between historical admiration and Christian ethics. There is a singleness and decision of judgment in Channing's estimate of the military career of France, which, at least, as a personal trait, is highly interesting; showing the presence within him of an autocratic moral sentiment, which the rhetoric of a pretended freedom could not deceive, or the splendid fiction of emancipated nations for a moment dazzle. There is, moreover, a breadth of view—a mastery of the whole picture of the period in his critiques, which altogether separates

them from the thin and poor abstractions of the peace societies; and, if we mistake not, modern opinion so nearly approaches his estimate, that his editor might have spared the apology which he makes for the following passage, as too "manifestly colored by the prejudices of the time."

"Am I asked what there is so peculiar in our times? I answer, In the very heart of Europe, in the centre of the civilized world, a new power has suddenly arisen on the ruins of old institutions, peculiar in its character, and most ruinous in its influence. We there see a nation, which, from its situation, its fertility, and population, has always held a commanding rank in Europe, suddenly casting off the form of government, the laws, the habits, the spirit by which it was assimilated to surrounding nations, and by which it gave to them the power of restraining it, and all at once assuming a new form, and erecting a new government, free in name and profession, but holding at its absolute disposal the property and life of every subject, and directing all its energies to the subjugation of foreign countries. We see the supreme power of this nation passing in rapid succession from one hand to another. But its object never changes. We see it dividing and corrupting by its arts, and then overwhelming by its arms, the nations which surround it. We see one end steadily kept in view—the creation of an irresistible military power. For this end, we see every man, in the prime of life, subjected to military service. We see military talent everywhere excited, and by every means rewarded. The arts of life, agriculture, commerce, all are of secondary value. In short, we see a mighty nation sacrificing every blessing in the prosecution of an unprincipled attempt at universal conquest.

"The result you well know. The surrounding nations, unprepared for this new conflict, and absolutely incapacitated by their old habits and institutions to meet this new power on equal terms, have fallen in melancholy succession; and each, as it has fallen, has swelled by its plunder the power and rapacity of its conquerors. We now behold this nation triumphant over continental Europe. Its armies are immensely numerous; yet the number is not the circumstance which renders them most formidable. These armies have been trained to conquest by the most perfect discipline. At their head are generals who have risen only by military merit. They are habituated to victory, and their enemies are habituated to defeat.

"All this immense power is now centred in one hand, wielded by one mind—a mind

formed in scenes of revolution and blood—a mind most vigorous and capacious, but whose capacity is filled with plans of dominion and devastation. It has not room for one thought of mercy. The personal character of Napoleon, is of itself sufficient to inspire the gloomiest forebodings. But, in addition to his lust for power, he is almost impelled, by the necessity of his circumstances, to carry on the bloody work of conquest. His immense armies, the only foundation of his empire, must be supported. Impoverished France, however, cannot give them support. They must, therefore, live on the spoils of other nations. But the nations which they successively spoil, and whose industry and arts they extinguished, cannot long sustain them. Hence they must pour themselves into new regions. Hence plunder, devastation, and new conquests are not merely the outrages of wanton barbarity; they are essential even to the existence of this tremendous power.”—I. p. 332.

Channing's generous and hopeful estimate of human nature, led him into many opinions now obnoxious to philosophical reproach. Like many a social regenerator, he had his dream of *communism*; and there is a very remarkable letter, written during his residence at Richmond, in which he advocates anti-property doctrines with the zeal of a red republican, and appears to contemplate some scheme for their practical application. He was half-reasoned, half-laughed out of his project; but we doubt whether he ever lost his tendency to this way of thinking, or perceived the fallacies which it involved. His letter is a curious example of argument from mere sentiment,—just in its lamentation over the present miseries and vices of society, charming in its picture of the future by which he would replace this condition; but when he attempts to bridge over the chasm separating the one from the other, failing to show the slightest connection between his means and his end. No proof is even attempted, that the collective wealth of a community could be created and distributed in any better way than by the operation of individual desires, under the establishment of individual rights. He simply *assumes* that the institution of property is identical with the recognition of selfishness, is the grand cause of its activity, and, by its mere disappearance, would let in the reign of universal benevolence.

“But stop, I hear you say, you are too impetuous. How will you lead mankind to educate their children in this way? Ay, there is the rub, there lies the difficulty. It is only

by implanting benevolence and love of science in the mind of the parent, and rooting out his avarice and selfishness, that we can hope to see the child educated as we wish. ‘But how can this be effected? Do you mean to war with nature?’ No! I am convinced that virtue and benevolence are *natural* to man. I believe that selfishness and avarice have arisen from two ideas universally inculcated in the young, and practised upon by the old—(1) that *every individual has a distinct interest to pursue from the interest of the community*; (2) that *the body requires more care than the mind*.

“I believe these ideas to be false; and I believe that you can never banish them, till you persuade mankind to cease to act upon them; that is, till you can persuade them (1) to destroy all distinctions of property (which, you are sensible, must perpetuate this supposed distinction of interest), and to throw the produce of their labor into one common stock, instead of hoarding it up in their own garners; and (2) to become really conscious of the powers and the dignity of their mind. You must convince mankind, that they themselves, and all which they possess, are but *parts of a great whole*; that they are bound by God, their common father, to *labor* for the good of this great whole; that their wants are but few, and can easily be supplied; that *mind, mind* requires all their care; and that the dignity of their nature, and the happiness of others, require them to improve this mind in science and virtue. Believe me, my friend, you can never root out selfishness and avarice, till you destroy the idea that private interest is distinct from the public. You must lead every man to propose to himself, in all his actions, the good of the whole for his object. He must plough and till the earth, that all may eat of the produce of his labor. *Mine* and *thine* must be discarded from his vocabulary. He should call everything *ours*. Here would be no robbery, for a man could steal nothing but his own. No man would be idle where such sentiments and such examples prevailed; and where there was no luxury to enervate him, every man would have leisure to cultivate the mind. We should sleep securely, we should live long and happily, and perhaps, like old Enoch, when the time came, be translated to heaven.”—I. p. 114.

His later sentiments on this subject, though very little corrected by any improved acquaintance with political economy, are less wild than these. They occasionally betray, however, a disposition to coquet with socialist theories, and continually assume that the pursuit of

wealth is answerable for the amount of poverty, and that, if less were accumulated, there would be more to divide. In a letter to Mr. Thornely, he says:—

“Did I not look on our present state as merely a *transitive* one, I should be tempted to think that, had we never known a bank, canal, steamboat, or railroad, we should be far better off at this moment. We have been made drunk with the spirit of rapid accumulation, and the imagination has been maddened with prospects of boundless wealth. England is suffering from the same causes. What a comment on the present commercial spirit is the condition of England! Thousands and ten thousands starving in the sight of luxury and ostentation! Does the earth show a sadder sight than this? England seems to be teaching one great lesson, namely, — that art and science, skill and energy, and all the forces of nature, concentrated by selfishness for the accumulation of wealth, produce degradation and misery; that nothing but the spirit of Christianity, which is in direct hostility to the present spirit of trade or accumulation, can heal the woes of society. I have faith that this great truth is to be learned, and that the present deformed social state is not to last forever.”—III. p. 131.

Nothing can be more just than the lamentation here and elsewhere so pathetically made over the monstrous inequalities of condition in English society; nothing more noble than the writer's perpetual sighing after some means of elevating the toiling mass of men into consciousness and enjoyment of their nobler faculties. But what help towards such a result do we get from an invective against “the commercial spirit?” If we had had but half the commerce, should we not have had double the misery? If production had been lessened, would enjoyment have been increased? If all persons, who by their skill have increased their possessions by one half, had rather chosen by charity to diminish them by one half, would our store have been greater, or better distributed? These obvious questions should, at least, have been pondered before declaiming so freely against a people's industry as the specific cause of its penury. It must be confessed, that Channing entertained very loose and vague notions as to the peculiar social condition of this country, and the agencies to which it must be traced. Sometimes he thinks the “Established Church” “the great scourge of the country” (III. 288); an opinion in which he would hardly be joined by even the members of the Anti-

State-Church Association. At other times, he ascribes the different condition of the laboring classes in Europe and in America, to “the spirit of aristocracy!” and in all his treatment of this favorite topic, he overlooks the different relations in which the people of the New World and the Old stand towards the physical nature around them, and towards one another. His offences against the doctrines of the Economists, were, for the most part, altogether unconsciously committed; but in opposition to their alms-denying precept he was a deliberate rebel; regarding it as the Protestant doctrine of self-dependence run-mad, and feeling that, in a world of so much helplessness, room must be left for a special helpfulness, whose action cannot be systematized, and from which a living spirit of compassion will extract the chance of harm.

“It is sometimes objected to almsgiving, as I have intimated, that to prevent poverty is better than to relieve it; and that there is but one way of prevention, which is, to take from men all expectation of relief if they become poor. They will then, it is thought, have motives which can hardly fail to keep them from want. But unluckily for such reasoning, there is one way only of cutting off this expectation, and God forbid that we should ever resort to it. That only way is to drive all human feeling from our breasts; for as long as any kindness exists in a community, so long there will be resources open to the poor, let their poverty come how it may, and so long relief will be expected by the improvident. I repeat it, there is but one way of suppressing this hope of relief. We must cast from us all kind feeling. We must turn our hearts to stone. We must bring ourselves to see, unmoved, the beggar die at our doors. We must make up our minds sternly, inflexibly, to give nothing, let misery assail us with ever so piercing a cry, with ever so haggard, and worn, and famished a look; for nothing but this, will prevent the improper dependence which is said to generate poverty. Let sympathy survive, and it will act and be a hope to the improvident; and can any man seriously think that the evils of this hope are so great, that to avoid them we should turn ourselves into brutes, dry up the fountains of humanity within us, part with all that is tender and generous in our nature? I am free to say, that the most injudicious almsgiving is an infinitely less evil to society than this extinction of sympathy. Better multiply beggars, than make ourselves monsters. Kind affection is the life of a community, and the excesses of these affections are to be chosen before a frozen selfishness.”—II. p. 76.

It was not, however, any leaning towards the feudal relations of dependence and protection, any reliance upon eleemosynary resources for the abatement of indigence, any hopeless acquiescence in the prediction that "the poor shall never disappear from the earth," which brought from Channing this plea for occasional alms. No one was more impatient of every remnant of serf-like doctrine, more indignant at the humiliations of poverty, more eager to see the union of manual labor and mental culture; and if his demands upon the rich are sometimes large, it is not for charity, but for social justice. He did not think that the contract between the employer and the employed should lead to nothing beyond the acceptance of work and the payment of wages; he felt that, though no more might be written in the bond, more was implied by the very presence, in face of one another, of human beings so similarly made, yet so differently placed, as the master and the servant; and that if the contrast of conditions were never to be relieved by any community of sympathies and interests, service for hire would become intolerable in an age of growing intelligence and independence. This feeling, though obscure and indistinct, and expressing itself too much in vague complaints against the rich, is, perhaps, essentially correct. It is not likely that the school, the press, the Mechanics' Institutes, the Trades' and Political Unions, can continue to do their work upon the habits of the industrious classes; and that the present relation between capitalists and laborers shall continue for ever without change,—the laborers having no interest in the capitalist's adventure, the capitalist none in the laborers' well-being. And if a change be inevitable,—if the wearisome competition between the two classes is to find its euthanasia in some method of partnership, the move can only be made by the capitalist, and the duty of inaugurating such a future must devolve on him. In a progressive civilization, the mere fulfilment of the bargain of the hour does not acquit any capable and educated man of his obligations; justice to the immediate relation includes the use of it as means to a better.

Channing's faith in human nature inspired him with a hearty attachment to republican institutions. He regarded direct self-government as the ultimate perfection of all rule: entertained no doubt that his own countrymen were capable of doing justice to the privileges they had won; and shared the American feeling of amiable pity for nations still tolerating the historical child's play of monarchy. We do not think that his political creed will bear a close philosophical criticism; but if it wanted

logical coherence as a whole, it was full of good sense and magnanimity of heart in its details and applications. He held to the doctrine of natural rights, which the metaphysics of the last century had laid as the basis of American independence. In his work on Slavery he expounds and justifies this doctrine, yet so far is he from embracing its legitimate consequence—that every citizen, simply in virtue of his human nature, must possess the same political privileges,—that he disapproves of universal suffrage, and insists on the necessity of an educational, if not a moral test for voters. The following passage, though presented by the biographer in evidence of federal prejudice, shows, in our judgment, how the fine practical feeling of Channing corrected his errors in speculation:—

"I have endeavored, on all occasions, to disprove the notion that the laboring classes are unfit depositories of political power. I owe it, however, to truth to say, that I believe that the elective franchise is extended too far in this country. No man, I think, should be intrusted with this high privilege, who has not been instructed in the principles of our government, and in the duties of a good citizen, and who cannot afford evidence of respectability in regard to morals. One of the principal objects of our public schools should be, to train the young of all conditions for the duties of good citizens, to furnish them with the necessary knowledge of principles for the judicious use of political power. The admission of the young to the privilege of voting should be the most solemn public act, the grand national festival. It should be preceded by an examination of the candidates. It should be accompanied by the most imposing forms, fitted to impress the young and the whole community with the great responsibility and honorableness of this trust.

"None of us seem adequately to understand, that to confer the elective franchise is to admit a man to the *participation of* SOVEREIGNTY of the supreme power of the State. The levity with which this dignity is conferred, the thoughtlessness with which it has been extended, constitutes one of our great political dangers. Were the proper qualifications for it required, they would not exclude one class rather than another. The aim should be to exclude the unworthy of all classes. A community is bound to provide for itself the best possible government, and this implies the obligation to withhold political power from those who are palpably disqualified, by gross ignorance or by profligacy, for comprehending or consulting the general welfare; who cannot

exercise the sovereignty without injuring the commonwealth."—III. 257.

In the same spirit is the following admirable remark :—

"As to our political state, we are contending and croaking as usual. We are very unreasonable. We choose to have a popular government, but are not willing to accept its essential condition, namely, that it shall have the imperfections of the people. An absolute sovereign may get in advance of his people, but a people cannot get in advance of itself, and it must govern according to its own character. If, instead of croaking, we would try to improve our sovereign, we should show a little comprehension of our situation."—III. 264.

Channing's trust in the institutions of his country is the more to be honored, because it was undoubtedly exposed to many a shock, severe enough to shake the hope of a less steadfast mind. His tastes and temperament were altogether conservative. Constitutionally sensitive, and eager for silence and repose, he might naturally have been glad to accept any securities against popular conflict, and the din of ceaseless agitation. To no man could the heated passions, the coarse speech, the party rhetoric of calumny and adulation, which constitute the friction noise of democratic machinery, be more unwelcome. He had formed his political faith at a time when mighty questions were discussed in the legislature, and statesmen worthy to handle them applied themselves to their solution; when Washington, Jefferson, and Adams were the representative names, defining to the world the genius of the republic. He lived to hear it debated, whether a State with an insolvent exchequer might not decline to pay?—whether the right of petition should not be withdrawn from persons who entertained objections to slavery?—whether Mexico, being but a foolish State, had any business to exist and brag, so near the chosen people of the New World, and had not better subscribe to be half-conquered and half-annexed? The humiliation of so degenerate a position, Channing bore with a dignity which concealed no truth, yet resigned no hope. Sometimes, indeed, he is tempted to urge a plea of palliation for the delinquent States, which, if it could be allowed, would constitute a fatal objection to the popular institutions he would defend. In writing, for instance, to Mr. George Combe, he says :—

"I do not wonder that Europe raises a cry

of indignation against this country. I wish it could come to us in thunder. My patriotism does not incline me to cloak the sins of my own country. I wish them cured. You, however, must understand how unjust these sweeping censures are. Not a stain rests on the good faith of New England and New York, and of the great majority of the States.

"Bad faith in public matters and private integrity are not seldom found in strange union. To measure the guilt of these people, you must suppose our countrymen placed in the same situation. You must suppose universal suffrage introduced into Great Britain. Do you think that your national debt would be safer than that of Mississippi? I do not say this by way of excuse, for none can be made; but only to show that, in the most hopeless parts of our country, you meet nothing worse than you find everywhere. Is not your national debt secure, chiefly because the creditors hold the reins of government?"—III. 272.

We will not dispute, though we by no means accept the supposition, that a Chartist parliament would refuse to keep faith with the public creditor; but we submit that the grounds of their repudiation would be of a kind to which the non-paying American States can present nothing parallel. In England, the defence would be, that the money had been borrowed by governments whom the people did not sanction, at a time when the parliamentary representation was a farce, and spent in wasteful wars, without the national approval. In short, the refusal would be to pay *other people's debts*. This case bears no analogy to that of a State, already self-governed, borrowing capital for internal improvements selected by the public will; and, in a few years—while, indeed, the works are yet incomplete—declining to acknowledge the obligation. But if the cases were parallel, and if universal suffrage introduced into Europe would entail universal repudiation, what argument could be offered for a democracy which cannot coëxist with truth and honor in the State?

With all his confidence in the operation of popular institutions, Channing was never indulgent to the vices and assumptions of the majority, and most jealously watched the privileges of free thought and free speech, which are the best guarantees of a people's progress, yet most liable to passionate arrest. In 1834, a journalist named Kneeland was indicted on a charge of blasphemy, for having advocated atheistical opinions, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The man himself was

in no respect a desirable hero ; on the contrary, he had published scurrilous and indecent matter in immediate proximity to the article on which he was condemned, and the occasion was not one which a clergyman, of most reverential mind, and of great reputation, would have chosen for the advocacy of an abstract right of discussion. Channing, however, with his usual eagerness in presence of a disagreeable duty, to do it first, and be the first to do it, would not let the opportunity pass, and headed with his name an admirable petition praying for an unconditional pardon ; among other reasons—

“Because the freedom of speech and the press is the chief instrument of the progress of truth and of social improvement, and is never to be restrained by legislation, except when it invades the rights of others, or instigates to specific crimes.

“Because religion needs no support from penal law, and is grossly dishonored by interpositions for its own defence, which imply that it cannot be trusted to its own strength, and to the weapons of reason and persuasion in the hands of its friends.”—III. 104.

The petition did not gain its immediate end. But it gained a larger result, in rendering future prosecutions for atheism impossible in Massachusetts. On other occasions yet more critical, Dr. Channing manifested the same fidelity and courage. When the popular feeling throughout the States ran high against the Abolitionists, and the passions which had spoken out at first in mob-uproar, then by tar and feather, had at last murdered an anti-slavery journalist ; and when the magistrates of Boston, not anxious for an agitation, had refused the town-hall for a public protest against this lawless act ; he at once detached himself from timid friends, joined in demanding a public meeting, and, when it was obtained, was the first to confront it, in a speech worthy, from its calmness and high truth, to be as the saintly scripture which should at once restrain and animate the younger speakers succeeding to his place. In all respects, Channing was the true moralist for a republic. In claiming the rights and franchises of equal citizenship, no voice of prouder tone than his could well be found ; it spoke, with something of a royal glow, to the consciousness of the sovereign people. Yet they could never say that it stimulated their self-will, or made them feel that there was nothing above them. It demanded freedom on their behalf, precisely because they were entrusted with obligations ; insisted on the fullest scope for duty ; and amplified

their rule, that they might the more largely serve. By the side of every prerogative he placed a responsibility, and prevented self-conceit by self-reverence. Thus evolving his political doctrine from a moral centre, he raised up, in place of the deferential habits and softening traditions of older lands, the idea of a binding natural law, a divine presence of conscience, the perception of which constitutes to men at once their charter and their bond. The severest critic of this high stoicism can scarcely deny its happy tendency to educate the capacity for self-government.

It is foreign to our province to say anything respecting the theological element of Dr. Channing's life. It is very well known that he was a Unitarian, and exercised an ascendant influence over the character assumed by the American Unitarianism. We will simply observe, that in the organization of his religious opinions, the distinctive feature of his mind is again unmistakeably conspicuous. It was indispensable to him to have a religion of *moral obligation*, assigning to man a sphere of genuine responsibility, and to God an authority constituted by spiritual perfection.

Both in the Calvinism by which his early years had been surrounded, and in the system to which Priestley had reduced the reactionary heresy, these conditions seemed to be contradicted ; either by lapse, or by necessity, man was deprived of his godlike prerogatives, and represented as a helpless element in the mechanism of nature ; and the worship of God became an homage paid to the absolutism of an intellectual will. Channing could take no interest in a faith that was not mainly constituted by personal admiration, sublimed into piety ; and though he held fast to the physical miracles of scripture, he regarded these chiefly as accessories to the moral attributes of Christ, investing, as it were, with magnitude of dimension, what else would be but intensity of quality, and framing the indeterminate beauty of coloring with a grand outline of design. The idea of a likeness and kindred running through all minds, in virtue of their common endowment with free-will, so completely possessed him, that all distinction of *species* disappeared before him in relation to moral beings, and sank into a mere zoölogical affair ; and the space by which the Infinite Spirit himself is separated from us ceased to be an impassable chasm of *kind*, dividing the terms of antithesis, and became an interminable path of natural approach, transmitting a perpetual force of attraction and an eternal promise of union. This mode of thought induced Dr. Channing to treat as insignificant all questions as to the particular rank and denomination to

which Christ should be referred, and, on the other hand, to cling to the idea of his mediatorial position, as occupant of a station of moral advance equidistant, in our fore-shortening view, from the struggling will of man and the serene perfection of God. These conceptions, which constitute the peculiarities of Channing's Christianity, are deduced, curiously enough, from the contradictories of Priestley's favorite propositions. Had Channing lived in England, it is probable that he would not have been a Unitarian. It seems always to have been with some repugnance, and as an act of dutiful sincerity, that he owned the name. "I fear," he says, "that we must look to other schools for the thoughts which thrill us, which touch the most inward springs, and disclose to us the depths of our own souls." (II. 96.) His sympathies were too catholic to engage themselves with denominational interests; and he exhibited the rare combination of intense personal convictions with open affections, impressible by the most opposite forms of beauty and goodness. His own definition of Christianity has reference more to disposition than to doctrine; and while he dissents from the sceptical conclusions of Blanco White and Theodore Parker, his affectionate intercourse with the one, and honor for "the great truths seized" by the other, continue unabated. He is penetrated by the genius of Rousseau. He appreciates the noble qualities of Mary Wolstonecraft; and while condemning her principles respecting marriage, "considers that woman as the greatest of the age." He had attained that quiet faith which rises above fear and anger, and feels that in welcoming the good is the best security that the bad shall fall away. The eagerness of the partisan was alien to him, and it is little surprising that those who are given up to it could not understand him, and complained of the reserved support he gave to their one-sided enterprises. The incredulous wonder with which he looked on real, hearty intolerance, is strikingly evident in the following passage from a letter to Blanco White:—

"I have been reading, or rather am just finishing, a book which I doubt not you have read with great interest,—Ranke's 'History of the Popes.' I confess I was not before fully aware of the powerful reaction of Catholicism against Protestantism at the close of the sixteenth century. It is plain that the civil power was the right arm of the Church, and that she reconquered her lost possessions chiefly by force. But the civil power did not act wholly, or perhaps mainly, from policy, but very much from religious impulses, so that the religious principle lay at the foundation

of the mighty movement which rocked all Europe. What so formidable as this principle in its perversions? Men really believed, from the throne to the cottage, that a fellow-creature, holding what was called a *heresy*, was God's *personal foe*; that their hatred of him was shared by the Creator, and that to drive him into the Church, or to drive him out of the world into hell, was the most acceptable service they could render to Heaven. It is comforting to think that this horrible doctrine was really held, that it was not a mere *pretext* of tyranny, that the pope and emperor yielded as hearty assent to it as the common man. But, on the other hand, it is a fearful thought that men are liable to such delusions; that God's name may be enlisted conscientiously on the side of the fiercest passions; that tyranny, in its most terrible forms, may be grounded on ideas of duty and religion. Are we sure that we are safe now against illusions equally pernicious, though of a different character? We have certainly gained something. The fundamental error of Catholicism was an utter distrust of human nature on the subject of religion. It was universally believed that religion was to be imposed on a man from abroad, that there was nothing in his intellect or affections to carry him to God,—an opinion not very strange in an age of darkness, and nothing more was needed for the superstructure which was reared on it."—II. 387.

From the earliest period of Dr. Channing's settlement in Boston, he had interested himself in projects for improving the condition of the poor, and raising them to self-respect. There is scarcely a scheme of judicious benevolence now in operation, however recent its origin, which may not be found already sketched in his journals of 1805-10:—improved dwellings at low rents,—public places for exercise and recreation,—mechanics' libraries,—public bake-houses,—facilities for the collection of small debts,—provident societies,—primary schools,—temperance movements. It is true that no record is given of the realization of these designs upon any large scale at that early time. They appear simply to have guided the hand of his private charities. His feeble health disqualified him for the working part of a town reformer; and the times, preoccupied with political excitement, were not favorable to the quiet prosecution of such plans. But when they afterwards rose into notice, one after another, he was prepared with a knowledge of their merits, and the zeal for their support. We find him often fixing his attention on practical matters which few would suspect to be interesting to the re-

tired and somewhat mystic thinker, as in the following judicious queries sent to Dr. Tuckerman, whose answer, we have no doubt, would go to confirm Dr. Channing's own original impression.

"What is the influence of the credit system on the poor and the laboring classes? Is it good or bad for them, that they take up articles on trust? I have believed that they were much injured in this way; that they were kept from forming habits of providence; that they were led to purchase luxuries, which they would forego were they obliged to earn before they spend; and that habits of deceit are formed. But a friend tells me it is not so, —that the laboring classes, in order to get credit, are obliged and induced to be honest; —that the dishonest are soon detected, and cease to be trusted; —and that, as a matter of fact, little is lost by the shopkeeper. The subject, I think, is an important one, and has wide bearings. Will you give me the fruits of your own and others' observations?"—III. 51.

As his influence extended, and the scale of his life enlarged, his thoughts were necessarily carried beyond the small circle of town benevolence. The whole question of popular education was brought before him, when the noble-minded Horace Mann turned aside from the prizes of statesmanship, and virtually created and assumed a ministry of public instruction for the State of Massachusetts. He was the personal friend of Channing, and received from him a hearty sympathy and coöperation. We find a difficulty in gathering Dr. Channing's opinions on the main topics which this great question opens. At one time he makes the emphatic declaration, "Religion should be professedly and conspicuously a main end of education," (II. 130); at another, he hopes that a certain "Chartist project of education (which provides for the exclusion of religion) will be carried out," (III. 294). He argues at length (III. 66) against resort either to the State or to the rich for the provision of schools for all; yet elsewhere (III. 57) advises the working classes of England to demand from the government a system of national education, "with an importunity which will take no denial." We cannot reconcile these sentiments, unless by supposing that they proceeded from one who sometimes indulged himself with sketching the best possible, at others was content to advise the best practicable. It could not be required of him to enter into the wretched rivalries and humiliating scruples which have hitherto excluded

England from the first remedy of barbarism and last security for civilization. He happily lived in a country where ignorance in the people was not perpetuated by assumption in the priests.

Channing did not confine his interest in educational reform to the case of the primary school. He felt himself surrounded, even in Boston, by *uneducated gentlemen*,—by men whose knowledge and refinement bore no proportion to their social station and their moral worth. He saw the utter inadequacy of the present school system, which stops short just where the faculties quit their puerile feebleness, to prepare the merchant, the capitalist, and the land-owner for the enlightened discharge of their duties as citizens. It was a favorite project with him to introduce, among persons of competent fortune, the practice of appending for their sons, at least two years of college study to the ordinary school course. He sketched the plan of instruction suited to this supplementary period, and urged the subject, in various forms, upon the notice, both of the leading statesmen of Massachusetts, and of the authorities of Harvard University. In one of his papers he says:—

"Very many parents, who are unable or indisposed to give their children an education for a profession, are still able to afford them more extensive advantages than are now found in our schools; and to procure these advantages is among their first obligations. If any class of men should be well educated, it is the commercial. In this are found a very large proportion of our most opulent and influential men. None do more to determine public measures and to give a character to the community; and yet how little is now done to train up men of business for this high responsibility!"

"It is believed, that after the training of our common schools, two years should, if possible, be devoted to the study of branches which have a direct tendency to task, strengthen, and elevate the mind. These branches are—first, natural history and philosophy; second, civil history; third, moral science, including both intellectual and moral philosophy; fourth, politics, including the principles of government generally, and of our own constitution in particular; political economy, the true interest of our country, &c.; fifth, the evidences of natural and revealed religion, and the general principles of interpreting the scriptures.

"This course should be decidedly *philosophical*, that is, it should aim to lead the mind to the comprehension of great principles in every department; at the same time, it

should have a *practical* character, by teaching how all knowledge may be applied to the formation of a virtuous character, and to the discharge of our duties as citizens and members of families, as related to the human race, and to God. Two years' faithful study of the branches now enumerated, would not only store the mind with important truth, but would awaken new life and energy, and probably give a new character to the life."—II. 77, 78.

We have adverted to this direction of Dr. Channing's activity, because it is less known than his exertions, attested by many noble productions of his pen, against intemperance, war, and slavery. This last fatal word became, in his time, as the touchstone of American fidelity and wisdom. We speak on such a matter with the diffidence befitting our remote station; but we know of no party in the States — of no individual writer — that has ever studied with effect this enormous evil in their social condition, or obtained any such mastery over its relations, as to help forward the prospect of its cure. The total absence of any attempt at a statesman-like survey of the problem terminating in any practical scheme of policy for its solution, is a singular proof of the blindness which may be induced by the passions, whether of selfish interest, or of philanthropic enthusiasm. It cannot be, that any sensible American expects the present relation between the black and white races to go on for ever, or for any very long period; yet, among all the men of high capacity and political experience in the United States, there seems not one of sufficient foresight and resolution, to seize the helm of this floating danger. Is the question to be left in some reckless fashion to settle itself? The Abolitionists, professing not to advance beyond the abstract question of right, really commit a practical wrong, by fixing all the odium on the individual possessor of slaves, and demanding from him a private manumission, impossible by law, and not likely to be felt binding in conscience. It has always appeared to us strange, that a body of devoted philanthropists should actually make it their boast and pride, that they will never show the way out of this evil; they will only denounce it, and say that men ought not to have got into it. It would better answer to the duty they have nobly taken in hand, did they condescend to the most patient removal of every difficulty in feeling, in law, in economy, which lies in the path of their enterprise. The slaveholders again simply display the exasperated conservatism of threatened interest. And, with some recent exceptions, the most eminent

men on both sides, including Channing, have deprecated "political action," on the question. We cannot understand this. Is not property in men and women a creation of wicked laws? How can it be abolished, but by a rescinding of those laws? And who can rescind them, but the legislative chambers, now upholding their authority? Where, then, but in those chambers, and on the hustings of the previous elections, *can* the battle of emancipation be really fought? To aim at the extinction of this property *without* the law, instead of *through* the law, so far from deserving the praise of moderation and restraint, appears to us, of all courses, the most revolutionary in its aim, and the most disastrous in its probable results. This general remark, as to absence of any distinct anti-slavery policy in America, applies, it must be admitted, even to Channing. He was critic, not lawgiver, upon this question. But his moral position in relation to it, presents a faultless example of dispassionate justice and courageous humanity. We are not inclined to reckon the heroism of reformers, chiefly by their readiness to endure stripes, and to peril life from tumultuary fury; for these things may be needlessly incurred by their own incontinence of speech, and however borne, prove only a fortitude irrespective of wisdom. We rather measure our admiration by the power of self-conquest shown,—the ability to resist tastes usually innocent, and prejudices invariably generous, to rise above servitude even to enthusiasm, and be just and gentle where injustice and violence might pass for the higher virtue. This power, inconspicuous because it has no physical expression, and results in harmony rather than in force, Channing's course upon the slavery question evinces in a remarkable degree. It is a characteristic evidence of his superiority to present impressions, that his lofty theory of human nature grew up while he was living on a plantation, served by slaves in the house, and often having charge of the gang in the field. Daily he could look in the African face, without disturbance to his faith in man, as the highest expression of external beauty; and as he mused, of a summer evening, at the open window of his study, the chatter of the negro village did not jar with the theme of his hymn-like meditations. At that early time, he gave the freest utterance to the horror with which the system affected him; and when, forty years after, the incipient discussions in the North elicited from him his work on Slavery, he recorded no new convictions, but only the old feelings, powerfully revived by a recent wintering at Santa Cruz, and converted into a call of duty by the changed condition of

the public attention. Garrison and his associates were before him in the field ; and complaints have been made,—now revived by his biographer,—at the delay of his testimony for three or four years. But, to urge no other plea, the judicial character of his mind fixed his proper mission at a later stage ; and his peculiar wisdom first made itself felt, when copious pleadings had confused the thoughts and kindled the passions which his word could reduce to order, and convert into media of truth. The storm around him, of platform invective and conservative rage, was inoperative upon him ; he sat tranquilly in the midst, and told the truth to both parties, in a way to secure from either side unacknowledged conviction and avowed hostility. That he was just to the inheritance of slave property, could allow them a conscience, and appreciate the honest difficulties of their case, obtained him no forgiveness of his exposure of a gainful guilt. That he tore open the very heart of the slave system, exposed every decorative pretence, and produced the deepest impression, not only of its inherent iniquity, but of its fatal external operation on morals, education, and politics, availed him nothing with the Abolitionists, and could not save him from being denounced as an enemy in their public journals. The course, however, which made his own community look coldly on him, raised his reputation to its highest pitch in Europe. His lecture on Self-culture, and other similar productions, had long been familiar to our Mechanics' Institutions, and endeared him to the artisan. The letter to Henry Clay, on the Annexation of Texas, completed the cycle of his readers ; we believe there are few of our public men to whom it is unknown, and who have not admired the easy mastery it displays over a great subject, the bold yet delicate handling of highly sensitive topics, and the singular mixture of the humane and lofty preaching of the moralist and divine with the astuteness and skill of a secretary of state. The whole of Dr. Channing's course, but especially in reference to slavery, reminds us, by its balanced yet fervent wisdom, of the following remark made by him to one of his correspondents :—

"You seem to be subject to an impulse which you cannot resist. Happily, it is a good one ; but this circumstance does not reconcile me to the want of self-direction. There is such a thing as being slaves to our own *past good impressions*. I think perfection lies in a *present power* over ourselves, in a superiority to what is good, as well as evil in our past course, in acting from a fresh present energy. Few of us attain this. Most good men turn their

benevolent objects into hobby-horses, and ride them most furiously, or rather are hurried on by them—passively, unresistingly. Such is the weakness of our nature. Our tendency is to slavery. The difference is, that some are the slaves of good, others of bad impulses. That blessed freedom in which we govern ourselves according to our ever improving and daily changing perceptions of right, is an eminence to which we slowly rise. I am too far from it myself, to reprove others who fall short of it." —III. 330.

In casting our eye backward over Channing's career, it is easy to assign to him his place in literature and life, and to name his characteristics. It would be absurd to range him in the first class of writers, or of men ; he produced—he could have produced—no great work in history, philosophy, or art, to enter into the education of other times ;—what he has written will not, perhaps, very long be read. His influence, however, though not fitted for permanence, has been both wide and deep ; and he must be placed as far above the ordinary heroes of sectarian and pulpit popularity, as he is below the noble peers of letters, who have their irrevocable patent to represent our language. Perhaps no one, in whom a single tendency or feeling rules over the whole nature, can produce an enduring work ; it would seem, that while particular faculties achieve the tasks of each passing generation, *whole* minds perform the work of all time. Channing's profound *moral sensibility* became the source of all his thought ; supplied his clue through every question ; gave a complexion to his views of nature, history, and life ; and imparted to him that mixture of reserve and refinement with enthusiasm and fire, which his portrait so curiously expresses. The same feeling which made him shrink from everything *immoral*, rendered him indifferent to what was *unmoral* ; and hence he had only a side-view into the whole realm of art. Beauty, simply as such, did not affect him, but must carry with it some congenial suggestion. Grassmere gives him a retreat, where he may "resign himself to visions of *sublime virtue* ;" Helm Cragg bars out "the profanation of *worldly passion* ;" the sea "fills the soul with a consciousness of its greatness," or speaks "of the mercy and the rest of God." Whatever object, grand or fair, expresses, in its lineaments, the attributes of mind which constitute his ideal, awakens his perceptive power ; all others pass before him in vain. The emotions thus predominant in him over all others, were also highly intense in themselves ; they possessed a self-activity which interfered with his thorough reception from

without of ideas even of the same order. It has been said that Channing was indebted for many of his best thoughts to the conversation of others, and especially of his constant companion, Nathaniel Phillips, whose noble powers do indeed give plausibility to the assertion. But if he used the talk of his friends, as he used his books, his travels, his experience, and all the externals of his life, there is little call for so disparaging a remark. From all these sources he imported nothing ready-made into himself; they simply served to set his mind in action; and though the materials were doubtless reproduced, they were treated like the handful of airy unwrought silk held within snatch of the ever-whirling machine,—caught up into the dance of a thousand evolutions, and turned out with texture created and identity destroyed. It was impossible for him to be a learned man. He spread himself sometimes beneath the tree of knowledge, and, for a while, the leaves would drop through the air of motionless attention, and rest upon the silent grass of thought; but the winds that swept over his soul were so frequent and so fresh, that nothing could lie where it fell, and the forms of fancy displaced the order of deposition. There is a peculiarity in his composition, which is traceable to the same cause. His writings exhibit nothing logical, nothing architectonic in their structure. They are not put together in demonstration of a particular truth, or to show the perspective of a complex system, but in exposition of a profound sentiment. He never thinks in a line, but always from a centre, to which he returns again and again, in order to radiate forth in new directions. Thus he does not *survey* a subject, he does not *prosecute* it; he *duells upon* it. This mode of writing is not fitted to satisfy the demands of a severe intellect, or of a large culture; and it is not wonderful that he has obtained little favor from men of erudite or philosophic training; but it falls in with the order of natural meditation, and meets the wants of thoughtful and affectionate goodness. The sleeplessness of his reflective power contrasted curiously with his slowness in action. But in him many thoughts were requisite to make up one movement of will. The impulses from which most men are content to step forth into conduct, were with him but the beginnings of deliberation; all the forces which could either urge or restrain, must be brought to the bar of his circumspect conscience, before the volition could be passed. And as his sympathies were comprehensive, action was thus rendered difficult and insulated; and he could seldom throw himself completely into the same course with others. But in proportion

to his carefulness beforehand, was his moderation and fidelity afterwards; so that, often, apparent irresolution issued in a course of heroic and imperturbable determination.

In reading these volumes, we have been forcibly struck with the contrast of the picture they present to that of another biography, evidently in the author's view throughout the preparation of his work. Blanco White and Channing were attached friends; and, in the memoir of each, the correspondence of the other constitutes one of the chief ornaments. On the most momentous topics of human thought, their opinions for many years concurred; yet how different the whole structure of their mental nature! White, of most perceptive senses, quick in apprehension of form and color, fond of music, and only prevented from being a critic in art by defect of imagination; Channing, with his life so wholly inward in his activity, that all this world of sight and sound was to him but a note-book which registered abstractions. White, with a most exact and facile memory, was made for a man of erudition, and was actually, in spite of late beginnings, a man of large and various accomplishments, master of many languages, and of a great reach of history; Channing, with also a good deal of reading, had no acquisitions, and could quote nothing from his stores, unless the book that imparted them were still open on the table. White, of understanding naturally acute and consequential, was also a practised dialectician, and conquered his reader, if at all, by a subtle logic; Channing, stranger, apparently, to Aristotle and Bacon, never thought in any form which could win scholastic approbation, and carried away his readers by methods which it would puzzle an Aquinas to reduce. White, dependent upon sympathy, not indifferent to praise, was quick and tender in the formation of personal friendships, and adorned with his wit the societies surrounding him in his best days; Channing, also with warm affections, was essentially self-dependent; reserved, and without *abandon* in private life; bestowing all his most enthusiastic love on a great and beautiful image of human nature in his heart. So far the comparison looks, though without intention, unfavorable to Channing. But for want of his moral enthusiasm and ideality, White, with all his power of intellect and apprehension, missed the springs of strength, and joy, and faith. His successive changes of opinion were produced by a series of repulsions, rather than attractions to new truth, and were attended by alienations not *wholly* due to the prejudices of those whom he had left. His sense of the errors he had left behind obscured

his sense of justice and reverence for freedom; he resisted the claims of the Catholics, and afterwards felt the incubus of the Established Church on English society as a matter almost of despair. His love of truth, detached from any overpowering moral sentiment and indignant conviction, left him, especially in the weakness of his last years, exposed too helplessly to the impression of any powerful mind that might bear down upon him; he had no adequate resistance to offer to Strauss, Feuerbach, and Hegel, and went into captivity.

His end, reached with patience and fidelity unbroken, but with declining hope, and contracting love, and evanescent faith, was sad enough; and seems doubly so, when we place beside it the growing freedom, the hearty cheerfulness, and genuine glow of trust with which Channing turned his face to the sinking sun, and lay down to die. That same ideal faculty, which is reputed to be fickle as a cloud, would appear, after all, to give the steadiest light to life, and the surest warmth to age.—*Westminster Review*.

R A P H A E L.

RAPHAEL; or, *Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty*. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated with the sanction of the Author. Parker.

While M. Guizot has been putting doctrine, and M. Thiers economy to press,—while M. Caussidière has been defending his barricades with an emission of ink and ill nature that has made wonderfully small noise,—while Madame Dudevant has been promulgating edicts for M. Ledru Rollin,—while M. Clairville, the Scribe to the successors of *Bertrand and Raton*, has been making all the *badauds* and burghers of Paris laugh till they almost forgot heavy taxes and empty shops by his bitter ridicule of hyper-socialism,—M. de Lamartine, the most actively busy of the overturners, has found time and composure to give to the reading world his new manifesto also. Whether “*Raphael*” was written during the past year of doubts and delusions, is another question. Should this prove to have been the case, the fact will merit being laid up among “the curiosities of literature.” For “*Raphael*” is neither Girondist, nor Cabet-ian, nor *doctrinaire*—no tale, in short, on Miss Martineau’s plan of illustrating political truth in fiction. It contains no word regarding the Empire or the Emperor’s Eagle (at Boulogne or elsewhere),—not a scrap of anti-Bourbonism,—not a morsel of prophecy in emulation of the Solitary of Orval, nor of observation after the fashion of the Hermit of the *Chaussée d’Antin* and of the *Flâneur* in Paris, touching the destinies of the race of Orleans. “*Raphael*” is neither more nor less than a love-tale,—the passion, sentiment, and sorrow of which are strong enough to withdraw the reader from politics, present, past, and future.

Thrones may fall,—Popes and Princes stagger to and fro, as though *St. Vitus* “ruled the hour;” but in this book M. de Lamartine cares to listen to nothing else than the beating of two hearts. It is strange that from such a source, after such a year, we should owe the only modern romance that can be named as belonging to the family of “*Werter*” and the “*New Heloise*!”

But “*Raphael*”—though it be written with great sweetness, feeling, and intensity—will hardly carry the world in its train as triumphantly as did the love-stories with which we have mentioned it. It is not that our old earth is half a century wiser and colder than it was in the days when Goëthe and Rousseau inflamed it. “There are degrees,” as the Judge said to M. Damas, who declined to style himself dramatist because the *grand Corneille* had lived. M. de Lamartine, poet as he is, does not command the fervid strength of his predecessors. With almost as much passion as they, and more purity than either, he does not manage so entirely to envelope us in the whirlwind as they did. His tale must rank after theirs as a work of art.

A word is claimed by its invention. We have given to “*Raphael*” the palm of superior purity. A melancholy and dreamy youth, belonging to an impoverished family, taking refuge from the world in a Savoyard valley, becomes enamored of a mysterious lady, who is the inmate of a physician’s house.

“One day, however, on returning home earlier, and entering by the little garden-door near the arbor, I had a nearer view of the stranger, who was seated on a bench under the southern wall, enjoying the warm rays of the sun. She thought herself alone; for she had

not heard the sound of the door, as I closed it behind me, and I could contemplate her unobserved. We were within twenty paces of each other, and were only separated by a vine which was half stripped of its leaves—the shade of the vine-leaves and the rays of the sun played and chased each other alternately over her face. She appeared larger than life, as she sat like one of those marble statues enveloped in drapery, of which we admire the beauty without distinguishing the form. The folds of her dress were loose and flowing; and the drapery of a white shawl, folded closely round her, showed only her slender and rather attenuated hands, which were crossed on her lap. In one she carelessly held one of those red flowers which grow in the mountains beneath the snow, and are called, I know not why, ‘poets’ flowers.’ One end of her shawl was thrown over her head like a hood, to protect her from the damp evening air. She was bent languidly forward, her head inclined upon her left shoulder; and the eyelids, with their long dark lashes, were closed against the dazzling rays of the sun. Her complexion was pale, her features motionless, and her countenance so expressive of profound and silent meditation, that she resembled a statue of death; but of that death which bears away the soul beyond the reach of human woes, to the regions of eternal light and love.”

The lady’s history is soon told. She is a being solitary on earth, save for an old man—a family friend who adopted her—and has given her the title of wife, in order that she may become his inmate without scandal. Must we say that M. de Lamartine, being a Frenchman, could hardly be expected to “let well alone” without giving a *soupeçon* of piquancy to a situation in itself natural, holy, and requiring no adjunct or excuse? Julie is liable to a disease of the heart—and for this she has been ordered into Savoy and placed under medical care. As we have seen, she finds “a brother”—and to the progress and the issue of their passion, the tale is devoted. Avoiding further specification of incident, we shall detach yet another passage of reverie rather than of description.

“We wished before we left Chambéry and the valley we so much loved, to visit together the humble dwelling of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Warens, at Les Charmettes. A landscape is but a man, or a woman. What is Vaucluse without Petrarch?—Sorrento without Tasso? What is Sicily without Theocritus, or the Paraclet without Heloise? What is Ancey without Madame de Warens? What

is Chambéry without Jean Jacques Rousseau? A sky without rays, a voice without echo, a landscape without life! Man does not only animate his fellow-men, he animates all nature. He carries his own immortality with him into heaven, but bequeaths another to the spots that he has consecrated by his presence; it is only there we can trace his course, and really converse with his memory. We took with us the volume of the Confessions in which the poet of Les Charmettes describes this rustic retreat. Rousseau was wrecked there by the first storms of his fate, and was rescued by a woman, young, lovely, and adventurous, wrecked and lost like himself. This woman seems to have been a compound of virtues and weaknesses, sensibility and license, piety and independence of thought, formed expressly by nature to cherish and develop the strange youth, whose mind comprehended that of a sage, a lover, a philosopher, a legislator, and a madman. Another woman might perhaps have produced another life. In a man we can always trace the woman whom he first loved.

* * We followed the stony path at the bottom of the ravine which leads to Les Charmettes, still talking of this love. We were alone. The goat-herds even had forsaken the dried-up pastures and the leafless hedges. The sun shone now and then between the passing clouds, and its concentrated rays were warmer within the sheltered sides of the ravine. The redbreasts hopped about the bushes almost within our reach. Every now and then we would sit on the southern bank of the road, to read a page or two of the Confessions, and identify ourselves with the place. * * Absorbed in these thoughts, we walked up a shelving greensward, upon which a few walnut trees were scattered here and there. These trees had seen the lovers beneath their shade. To the right, where the pass narrows, so as to appear to form a barrier to the traveller, stands the house of Madame de Warens, on a terrace of rough and ill-cemented stones. It is a little square building of gray stone, with two windows and a door opening on the terrace, and the same on the garden side; there are three low rooms on the upper story, and a large room on the ground floor, with no other furniture than a portrait of Madame de Warens in her youth. Her lovely face beams forth from the dust-covered and dingy canvas with beauty, sportiveness, and pensive grace. Poor charming woman! * * Her pensive fancy imparted to him enthusiasm; the enthusiasm of women, of young men, of lovers, of all the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy of his day! She gave him the world, and he proved ungrateful! * * She gave him fame, and he

bequeathed opprobrium! * * * But posterity should be grateful to them, and forgive a weakness that gave us the prophet of liberty. When Rousseau wrote those odious pages against his benefactress, he was no longer Rousseau, he was a poor madman. *

* * I defy any rational man to recompose, with a semblance of probability, the character Rousseau gives to the woman he loved, from the contradictory elements which he describes in her. * * There is some hidden mystery here, which must be attributed rather to the misguided hand of the artist, than to the nature of the woman whom he wished to represent. We must neither accuse the painter, whose discernment was at that time impaired, nor believe in the portrait, which has disfigured the sketch he at first made, of an adorable creature."

We have extracted the above defence *ex proposito*, omitting many clauses as superfluous to those who have read "Les Confessions," since they need not be reminded of the extent to which the good faith and toleration of the apologist are taxed. It is indicative of the tone of "Raphael." The author has done his best to be pure, — but he has not been able to make his love-story healthy. There is a perpetual disposition to coquet with what may be

called forbidden machinery. The change of a word here and there would convert this narrative of innocent passion (so M. de Lamartine esteems it) into one of those masques of delirium and false feeling, by which the French authors delight at once to excite and to outrage us. For one so admirable, too, as Raphael is meant to be, he is deficient in manliness. He neither hopes nor struggles with life, as our lover should do, — his greatest amount of heroism does not get beyond concealment of, and yielding to, misery. He loves his mother dearly, — and consents to impoverish her when he knows that she is already impoverished, in order that he may follow his Julie to Paris. Arrived there, having embraced the career of the poet, he allows a first discouragement to plunge him into a final despair, — unable to wrestle with Fate. On grounds like these we must place "Raphael" as among the most melancholy and morbid tales of its family. There is no offence in the arrangement of its incidents, — nay, we are convinced that offence has been solicitously guarded against, and give the poet-novelist credit accordingly; — but, let the sentimentalists say what they will, the strength of the tale is the strength of fever, and its want is a falling short of the elevation at which it was the author's purpose to sustain both his hero and his heroine. — *Athenæum*.

THE FIRST VIOLETS.

BY SIR E. LYTTON BULWER.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to tell?
Whose youth has paused not, dreaming in the vale,
Where the rath violets dwell?

Lo, when they shrink along the lonely brake,
Under the leafless, melancholy tree;
Not yet the cuckoo sings, nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee!

Yet at their sight and scent entranced and thrill'd,
All June seems golden in the April skies;
How sweet the days we yearn for, till fulfill'd!
O distant Paradise, —

Dear land to which Desire forever flees,
Time doth no *present* to the grasp allow;
Say, in the fix'd Eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting Now?

Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
Whither hope wanders (maze without a clue):
Give their true witchery to the flowers — their own
Youth in their youth renew.

AVARICE! remember when the Cowslip's gold
Lured, and yet lost its glitter in thy grasp;
Do thy hoards glad thee more than those of old?
Those withered in thy clasp.

From these thy clasp falls palsied! — It was *then*
That thou wert rich: — thy coffers are a lie!
Alas, poor Fool! joy is the wealth of men,
And care their poverty!

Come, foil'd AMBITION! what hast thou desired?
Empire and power? — O! wanderer, tempest-tost,
These *once were* thine, when life's gay spring inspired
Thy soul with glories lost!

Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund prime,
When o'er the stars rapt Fancy traced the chart;
Thou hadst an angel's power in that blest time,
Thy realm a human heart.

Hark! hark! again the tread of bashful feet!
Hark! the boughs rustling round the trysting place!
Let Air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Earth fair with one dear face!

Brief-lived first flowers, first love! the hours steal on,
To prank the world in Summer's pomp of hue;
But what shall flaunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you?

Oft, by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book
We mark the lines that please us most: — Retrace
Thy life, — recall its loveliest passage; — look,
Dead Violets keep the place!"

Keepsake.

LOVE AND MESMERISM: SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THE
COUNTESS OF ROSENTHAL.

(Concluded.)

On repairing next morning to the countess, in order to be present at her state of somnambulism, the count received me with a stern and grave aspect. The thought that he believed me dishonest was maddening. Full of these thoughts, I approached the sleeping countess; and the idea immediately occurred to me, that she, by means of her extraordinary gift of second sight, might inform me what had become of the papers. While I was deliberating how I should approach the subject, the countess complained of an extraordinary cold blast, which was blowing from me to her, and which, she said, if it were not changed, would cause her pain.

"Thou art disturbed by some secret sorrow, Emanuel," said the countess; "thy thoughts and thy wishes are not with her."

"Dearest countess," I replied, "it is no wonder. Perhaps you, with your wonderful powers of penetrating into mystery, can give me back my peace. I have lost four checks belonging to your father."

The count frowned. Dr. Walter exclaimed—

"I beg you will not trouble the countess with such matters in her present state."

I was silent. Hortense appeared to reflect for a few moments.

"Do not be uneasy, Emanuel, you have not lost them; they have been taken from you. Here, take this key; you will find them in yonder jewel-case."

I hurried to the press, with a little gold key she gave me. One of the chamber-maids, Leonora, sprang before me, and would not let me open it.

"My lord count," she said, "you surely will not allow any man to rummage the things of my lady?"

But ere she could finish, I had pushed her to one side, opened the jewel-case, and there beheld the checks of which we were in search. With a glowing countenance I handed them to the count, saying that I should shortly have the pleasure of waiting upon him with the rest; and with a light heart approached Hortense.

"How you are changed," said she, "Emanuel; you look like a sun floating in a sea of golden light."

The count, much affected by this scene, de-

sired me to ask the countess how she came by them. I obeyed. Leonora, the waiting-maid, fell fainting upon the floor. Dr. Walter hurried up to her, and was just dragging her out of the apartment, when the countess began to speak. The count ordered silence, and that no one should quit the apartment.

"Out of hatred, my dear Emanuel, the sick person had the checks taken from you," she said; "but things did not happen as she wished; for old Heinrich was standing in one corner of the corridor, when Dr. Walter went in with the second key, and took the checks, which were put with letters from Hungary, and, on carrying them out, he gave them to Leonora. Heinrich would have blown upon us all, as soon as it was known that the papers were missing. Dr. Walter, who saw the checks with you, offered to have them stolen; Leonora said she would assist; the sick person encouraged them both, and could scarcely restrain her impatience until they were brought."

Dr. Walter, as she said these words, remained leaning against Leonora's chair, and, turning to the count, said, with a ghastly smile—

"No one can now contend that the countess is not to be believed in her moments of inspiration."

The count did not reply, but, ringing the bell, ordered old Heinrich to be sent for, and asked him if he had ever seen Dr. Walter in my room during my absence.

"I saw him on last Tuesday evening in the room of Mr. Emanuel," said the old man; "but Leonora can tell better than I, for she was standing in the passage. He handed her some papers, and I saw them both smile and talk in a whisper as they went away."

They were then put out of the apartment, and Hortense soon became more agreeable than usual. The result of this remarkable morning was, that the doctor, Leonora, and another servant, received their dismissal, and the count covered me with the most ample apologies, and entreated I should never leave him.

"I know the sacrifices you have made for us, but you may depend upon my gratitude."

The evident pain of the count touched me, and I agreed to remain. In the mean time, the way in which I had been treated by the count-

ess greatly weakened me in my belief in the goodness of her heart. As the health of the countess began gradually to improve, her dislike to me seemed to diminish. I was occasionally permitted to visit her in her lucid intervals. At length I was permitted to take my place at the table when there was a dinner party, and a cover was even laid for me when they were alone. The countess did not speak much, but what she did say was with a mingled hauteur and modesty which was enchanting. My situation became more agreeable; but I kept out of her presence, when in a state of wakefulness, as much as possible; and even if she regarded me with carelessness, she must, nevertheless, have been aware how much I despised her in my heart—so quiet, without its being perceived by Hortense, had the bond of union between us gradually been changed; but my time was spent in longing for the period when my services should no longer be required.

Among those who were on terms of intimacy with the count at Venice, was a rich young nobleman, who inherited the title of prince, from one of the most distinguished Italian families. I will call him Carl. He was of lofty stature, of agreeable countenance, and full of spirit and urbanity. The flexibility of his features, and the ardent glance of his eye, betrayed a mind which would be easily excited. He had an immense establishment, and was as proud as he was vain. His friendship with the count, the result of accident, had detained him in Venice longer than he intended. He had seen Hortense, and mingled in the crowd of her admirers. His station in life, his riches, his numerous suite, had flattered the vanity of Hortense. Without distinguishing him from others by her favors, she willingly saw him near her. A single smile or kind look was enough to raise in him the boldest hopes. The old count, not less flattered, met the attentions of the prince more than half way, and soon received him as a friend of the family. I never for an instant doubted that the count had arranged it in his own mind that the prince should be his son-in-law. Nothing but the illness of Hortense appeared to retard matters. The prince had heard of the extraordinary state of the countess's health, and was devoured by curiosity to see her in one of her trances, and the count who knew that she appeared to great advantage, gave him permission, which he had never before accorded to any one. Accordingly, one afternoon, about the time Hortense had predicted she would fall into a trance, the prince made his appearance. Fear and delight were pictured in the face of the prince as he be-

held her radiant in superhuman beauty. The countess began to speak, and as usual to entertain herself with me, in a language, however flattering to me, by no means so agreeable to the prince. I made a sign to the prince to give me his hand; as soon as he had done so the countess, with a violent shudder, exclaimed, "Take away that goat; he is going to stick me!" She fell into strong convulsions, and the prince was obliged to leave the room. As soon as he had departed, she repeated, with emphasis, "Never let that unclean person enter into my presence again." This interview brought with it unpleasant consequences to me. The prince, regarding me as his rival, was filled with the most deadly hatred; and the count, easily influenced by any one much in his society, I soon saw began to participate in the feelings of the prince. It was only a suspicion that the countess had a regard for me, but even this was very mortifying to his vanity. The count was much with the prince, and I was soon separated altogether from her society, except during the period of her trances. It was at length arranged between them that the project of marriage should be mentioned to her as soon as it was consistent with her state of health. I soon perceived that I was in the way. My old habits resumed their sway, and the only agreeable reflection I had was in the steady friendship of Hortense. All her former hatred, even in her waking hours, was turned into respect and friendship. She treated me like a physician, asked my advice upon all occasions, and obeyed my orders with the utmost punctuality. It sometimes seemed to me as if the power of my will had become a part of her nature.

The pride and vanity of the countess, in proportion as her health improved, began to disappear like evil spirits; her gentleness was more touching than even her beauty; and how was it possible that I, the daily witness of her many perfections, should remain insensible to her charms? I almost wished that she would treat me with the contumely which she had formerly done, that I might be able to tear myself away; for I felt that the parting which must sooner or later come, would take me to my grave. What made me worse was a dream which often occurred to me, and in which the same images were always presented. Sometimes I sat in a strange room—sometimes on the shore of the sea—sometimes on the stem of an oak in a vast wilderness; then the countess would appear, radiant with beauty, and say, "Why so sorrowful, my dear Emanuel?" At this period I would generally waken, for the thrilling tone in which she spoke these words would vibrate to my soul.

In the crowded marts of the city I heard it ; it rose above the songs of the gondoliers—wherever I went, that gentle and touching sound was ever in my ear. Once, during the night, when I had this dream, I awakened as soon as the mouth of Hortense had opened to give utterance to the accustomed question, and then I believed that I heard the voice in reality. A dream is generally a dream ; but in this tissue of wonders seemed woven into my fate everything extraordinary. One day when I was in the room with the count, looking over some papers, he was summoned to receive the visit of a Venetian nobleman. Thinking he would soon return, I sat down in his chair at the window, feeling very mournful. In the meantime steps approached, and the countess, who was looking for her father, entered the room. I felt a sudden tremor, and rose respectfully.

"Why so sorrowful, dear Emanuel?" said the countess, in the same sweet and gentle tone whose sound had so often mingled in my dreams. She smiled, as if surprised at her question, rubbed her forehead as if considering. "What is that? I thought I had heard that before ; it seems to me as if I had seen you in the same position before, and had asked you the same question."

"Nothing can be so strange," I replied ; "I have over and over again dreamed that you had used the same words you have done at this moment."

The count entered the apartment, and our interview terminated. A few days after this I dreamed that I was present at a banquet ; it was a great festival ; but the music made me mournful, and I remained a solitary spectator of the revelry. I thought that from the throng of dancers Hortense came smiling forth, looked at me with a glance of tenderness, and said, "Why so sorrowful? I cannot be happy unless you are so;" and with these words she disappeared among the dancers.

The next day I was invited to a party where there were to be fireworks and dancing ; and upon the way thither I was informed by the count that Hortense was to be present. The prince opened the ball with the countess. As I looked on the noble pair, I felt as if there was a dagger in my heart. In order to banish the sight, I chose a partner, and mixed in the floating throng ; but I soon felt too miserable to dance, and I was glad to make my escape. At this moment the dream of the previous night at once occurred to me. The dance had just terminated, and lo ! the countess came up to me, pressed my hand swiftly, and secretly gave me one glance of ineffable tenderness, saying—"Why so sorrowful, my

dear Emanuel? be joyful, or I cannot be so," disappeared among the crowd. The glance which she gave me seemed at the same moment to deprive me of speech and breath ; before I could recover, she had rejoined the dancers, and was swimming gracefully along, but I saw, or thought I saw, that her eyes always sought mine. I left the place where I was standing, as I could not endure this. The dance had concluded, and a new one was about commencing as I approached the seat of the ladies ; a beautiful form rose as I drew near ; it was the countess ; her arm soon lay in mine, and we fell into the ranks of the dancers. I felt astonished at myself, for I never could have had the daring to ask her for so great an honor ; but it seemed as if, in the confusion of the moment, I had done so without being aware of it. She scarcely seemed to regard me as she swept through the crowd with her beautiful form and lustrous eye. In a moment the music struck up. I felt as if I belonged to another and a higher world, and was floating along on the voluptuous swell of the music. I did not know what happened, nor that the eyes of the whole company were upon us ; but I cared little for that, and at the third round of the dance led the countess to a seat. I stammered forth my thanks, and her low bow to me was such as she would have bestowed upon the most distant acquaintance.

The count, as well as the prince, had seen me dancing with the countess, and had heard the general whispers of admiration. The count was displeased at my audacity, and scolded the countess the next day for having so far forgotten her rank. Neither the count nor the prince doubted that I had inspired the countess with some extraordinary liking for me, but notwithstanding their attempts at concealment, I could plainly perceive that I was the object of their intense aversion. I was seldom permitted to enter the company of the countess ; but both of them were carried away by their apprehensions. The countess never concealed from either of them that she had feelings of kindness towards me. She said it was quite the same to her whether I was in Venice or Constantinople. "It is in your power," said she, "to send him away as soon as I am well."

The count and the prince waited with anxiety the period of my departure, which would rid them of my presence and interruption. I also looked forward to this moment with some anxiety. I felt that absence from Hortense was the only way in which I could heal my wound. I felt unutterably wretched. One day the countess predicted that the end of her

illness was near, and that her convalescence was at hand.

"In the hot steam-baths of Battaglia," said she, "she will lose her power of inspiration. A bath every morning; and after the tenth bath you will depart; she will then see you no more, unless you wish it; but let her have a remembrance of you. Without this she cannot get well. You carry on your breast a dried rose, eased in gold. As long as she wears this on her heart, rolled up in silk, her illness can never return. Neither earlier nor later than the seventh hour after the thirteenth bath, give her this rose; wear it until then. Thenceforth she will be convalescent."

"Do you really carry anything of the kind?" said the count, in high delight at the prospect of his daughter's approaching recovery.

I replied in the affirmative; and he then asked if I attached any value to this possession.

I replied that I did, and that I would sooner forfeit my life; but that I would give it up to ensure his daughter's recovery.

"Some pledge of love, I suppose?" said the count, smiling.

"It is the gift of one who is all in all to me," said I.

The count, touched by my generosity, embraced me, adding—

"I am eternally your debtor!"

The first thing he did, when Hortense awoke, was to mention the incident.

"It is," he added, "the gift of one he loves."

He said this with the greater pleasure, because he thought that if the countess had really any liking for me, she would the more readily surrender it when she heard that I had been sighing in the chains of another beauty. Hortense received this intelligence with such carelessness, that the count's suspicions at once vanished. He immediately informed the prince of what had happened, and the result was a total alteration of their coldness of manner. I was treated by them like a benefactor. Speedy preparations were made for our departure to the baths of Battaglia; the prince had gone before to make preparations for his bride, and early on a beautiful summer's morning we left Venice, through the lovely plains of Padua. We approached the Euganean mountains, at the foot of which lies the little city with its wells. During the journey, the countess liked to make little excursions on foot, and I was her constant companion; her kindness was extreme.

"I could be very happy," said she, "if I were allowed to spend my life in some quiet retreat in Italy, occupied with the simple con-

cerns of domestic life. The amusements of cities leave a void in the spirit, and depress more than they please. How happy I would be if I could live quietly apart from courts and cities; if I had will enough to make my happiness consist in doing good to those around me; but one cannot have all one wishes!"

More than once, and in the presence of her father, she spoke of the great obligation they owed me as the saviour of her life.

"Could I only know," said she, "how to compensate you. I have been ransacking my brain to find out something agreeable to give you. You must be already aware that my father will place you in a position to be independent of all mankind; that is the smallest thing; but I must have another satisfaction for myself."

At another time she would turn the discourse upon my resolution to leave them immediately after her convalescence.

"We shall all be sorry to lose you," she would say, with tenderness. "We will mourn your loss like that of some dear friend and benefactor. Could we not by our entreaties induce you to change your resolution and delay your departure? But your heart calls you elsewhere," she said, with a smile, as if she had penetrated the secret of my heart. "If you are only happy, we should have nothing further to wish you, and, I doubt it not, love will make you happy. Still, do not quite forget us, and remember from time to time to let us have intelligence of your welfare."

My replies were full of distant and cold politeness, for respect forbade my heart to betray this confidence. But still, she would bestow upon me glances which would overpower my feelings, and I would say more than I had intended. It occasionally happened that when I spoke in a more flattered and obliged tone, Hortense would look upon me with a clear glance of wondering innocence, as if she did not understand me. I persuaded myself that Hortense wished only to appear kind and thankful to me, without according me any preference over that she bestowed upon ordinary mortals, and that it was only out of pure good-nature, and to give me pleasure, that she had asked me to dance with her at the ball. Ah, how my passion had already carried me beyond the bounds of hope, far beyond the bounds of hope; for had Hortense really felt towards me anything more than good-will, what use would it have been? I would only have become more unhappy in her unhappiness. Whilst this flame was consuming me in secret, in her heart there was a serene heaven full of rest; whilst I was yearning to fall at her feet, and to confess all I felt for her, she wandered

near me without the least suspicion of my situation, and sought to dispel my earnest sorrow by her innocent mirth.

Rooms were prepared for us through the prince, in the castle of the Marchioness of Este. This castle, on a hill near the little city, combined the greatest conveniences with, at the same time, the most beautiful views, and shady promenades in the distance. But in order to make use of the steam-baths it was necessary to go into the city, near which a house had been prepared for the reception of the countess, where she spent the mornings on which she wished to bathe. After the first three baths she received, her inspirations became less frequent and more obscure. She spoke seldom, seldom answered a question, and appeared to enjoy natural and refreshing sleep. She said in her sleep that after the tenth bath she should no longer be permitted to enter this house. After the tenth bath, she fell into her usual trance, in which she said—

“Emanuel, I see thee no more!”

These were the last words she uttered in a state of inspiration. The day of the thirteenth bath arrived, and up to this period every incident which she had predicted when in a state of inspiration, regularly took place. Her last commands now only remained to be fulfilled. The prince and the count came to me early in the morning, to remind me how soon I should be expected to deliver up my amulet. They did not leave me alone for a single moment. They made me show them the amulet, as if they feared that, when the time was drawing so near, some accident might happen to it, or it might be lost through carelessness. As soon as the news arrived that the countess was in the steam-bath, every moment was counted. We were at length summoned to accompany her to the castle, when we found her extremely agreeable, and prepared to receive from me a present which she was to wear all her life. She began to joke with me about my infidelity in giving to her the present of one I had loved. It struck ten o'clock; the seventh hour had arrived. We were all—the count, the prince, the countess, and her attendants—present in a spacious and well-lighted apartment.

“Now wait no longer,” said the count; “the moment has arrived which is to be the last of Hortense’s sufferings, and the first of my happiness.”

I drew the precious medallion from my neck, opened the golden chain, pressed a kiss upon the glass, and, not without emotion, handed it to the countess. She received it, and as her glance fell upon the dried rose, suddenly a bright glow shone on her countenance. She stammered a few words of thanks, and then

suddenly disappeared with the chamber-maids. The count and the prince were full of thanks. They had prepared a little feast at the castle, to which noble families from Este and Porigo were invited. In the meantime we waited in vain for the reappearance of the countess. We soon heard, however, that upon putting on the amulet she had fallen into a deep and refreshing slumber; two, three, four hours passed, but she came not. The count, much disquieted, made his way to the bedside, but her sleep was so sweet and deep, he would not disturb her. She was still asleep, when, at midnight, the party broke up; but the next morning it continued. The count feared death, and my disquietude was no less. Doctors were summoned, but they pronounced her in perfect health, and advised she should be allowed to sleep on. Noon and evening came, and still the countess slept. If it had not been for the assurances of the doctor, that she was in good health, we would have been greatly alarmed. The next morning we were all in the greatest delight to receive the intimation that the countess was awake. Every one hurried in, and wished her joy, and all were happy except I, who stood sorrowful in my room.

Why should I not tell it? Amid the universal joy, I stood alone sorrowful—ah, more than sorrowful—in my room. The obligation by which I was bound to the Count Rosenthal was over—it was fulfilled. I could depart whenever I would; they wanted nothing from me except the last word. But now to inhale the air she breathed appeared to me the most enviable of all lots—to receive but a single glance, the dearest nourishment of my life; away from her, and it seemed to me as a condemnation to death. And when I thought of her approaching marriage with the prince, and the weak nature of the count, her father, then my manly pride and independence struggled within me, and I determined to depart. I swore I would fly. I saw the eternity of my unhappiness; and rather than remain contemptible to myself, I determined to bid adieu to joy and pleasure for life. I found Hortense in the castle garden. A shudder ran through my frame as I drew near to offer my congratulations. She stood, apparently lost in thought, apart from her attendants, and near a flower-bed. She seemed more beautiful than I had ever seen her before, and looked as if possessed with a new life.

“How you have startled me!” she said, a slight blush suffusing her features.

“I also wish you joy, my dearest countess,” said I. I could speak no more; my senses were confused; I could not bear her look, which seemed to penetrate my heart.

Stammering forth an excuse for having disturbed her, I stopped short.

"You speak of joy," said she; "but are you joyful?"

"Most heartily," I replied, "that you are raised from your long illness. In a few days I must depart, and belong to another country; I now belong to none. My promise is ended."

"Is this your intention, dear Emanuel?" said the countess. "You say you belong to no one; do not you belong to us?"

I laid my hand upon my heart, and glanced to the earth, for my heart was too full to speak.

"You will remain with us—will you not?" she said.

"I may not."

"But if I entreat it?"

"Good God, gracious lady, do not command me; I cannot endure it; I must depart."

"You are not happy with us; but, nevertheless, you have neither duty nor profession to take you away."

"Duty to myself," I replied.

"Go, then—I have been strangely deceived in you; I thought we would have been of more value in your eyes."

"If you but knew, noble countess, what sorrow your words are causing me, you would pity me, and let me depart in peace."

"Then I must be silent. Go; but you do me a great injury."

Speaking these words, she turned away. I dared to go after her, and begged of her not to be angry. She began to weep. With folded hands I implored her not to be angry with me.

"Command me," said I, "and I will obey. Command that I should remain; my soul's rest—my happiness—my life I will offer up at your command."

"Go, then—I force nothing from you; you are unwilling to stay with us."

"Oh, countess, bring me not to desperation."

"When will you depart?"

"To-morrow—to-day."

"No, no," said she, gently, as she came nearer to me. "I set no value on my health. Remain yet only a few days, at least."

She murmured this with such an entreating air, and looked upon me at the same time with her moist eyes so sorrowfully, that I was no longer master of my destiny.

"I remain."

"But willingly?"

"With rapture."

"Good. Now leave me for an instant. You have sorely troubled me. But do not leave the garden; I only seek to recover myself."

With these words she went away, and vanished amid the blooming orange flowers. I remained for a long time in the same place, as if in a dream. Such words I had never before heard from the countess. It was not merely the language of politeness. Everything within me was disturbed with the idea that I had some value in her eyes. The request to remain longer—the tears—the indescribable something that cannot be described—her movements—her voice; the wonderful language, in everything a language without words, which spoke more eloquently than words could express. I understood nothing, and I understood all. I doubted, and I was convinced. After about a quarter of an hour spent in wandering up and down the garden walks, with the attendants who remained, the countess came with a lively and friendly air towards me. Her gentle figure, waving with white drapery, appeared like a lovely vision of Raphael's gorgeous dreams. In her hand she carried a bouquet of carnations, roses, and violet-colored anilla flowers.

"I have plucked a few flowers for you, dear Emanuel," she said; "do not despise them. I give them to you in quite another spirit from that with which, in my sickness, I once presented you with a rose. I should not remind you, my dear doctor, how I must have teased and distressed you with my childish humors, but I remember that on purpose, in order to cement my friendship with you more closely. Oh, and how much have I to repay you! Give me now an arm, and the Lady Cecilia will give another;" so she called one of her companions.

As she went along, chatting and laughing, her father the count, and the prince arrived. Never was Hortense more amiable than on this, the first day of her convalescence. With tender respect she conversed with her father; with friendly intercourse to her attendants; with polite kindness to the prince; but to me with the liveliest expressions of gratitude. She thanked me not only in words, but in her manner, when she spoke. When she turned to me, there was in her words and in her tone an inexpressible kindness, good-nature, and care for my contentment. This tone was never altered in the presence of her father, nor of the prince. She carried it on with an assurance that it could not and should not be otherwise; and so many charming days flew lightly on wings of joy. The conduct of Hortense never altered towards me in the least. I myself swaying between the cold dictates of prudence and honor, and the fire of passion, found always in her society a peace and an independence, which, since these wonderful

events happened, I had never known. Her kindness and truth made me feel towards her like a brother. She never concealed a heart full of the purest friendship towards me; and as little did I conceal my sensations, if I did not openly express them. And still, oh! who could withstand such beauty?—it must be betrayed.

The bath guests of Battaglia were accustomed on fine evenings to assemble at a large coffee-house, where, sitting in the open air, they might enjoy each other's society. They sat there in chairs, in a half-circle, in the open street. One might hear on all sides the music of mandolins and guitars mingled with Italian songs. There was also music in the coffee-house; windows and doors were lighted. The countess came one evening, when the prince was accustomed to leave us earlier than usual, in order to ask me to accompany her to the assembly of bath guests; I was seated in my chamber, dreaming over my strange destiny; the door stood half-open. Hortense and Cecilia saw me as they passed; both observed me for a long time; then they entered gently, but I saw them not until they stood right before me, and declared that I must accompany them into the city. They remained joking and enjoying my confusion. Hortense recognized the bouquet; she took it from the table where I had left it, and placed it, all withered as it was, in her bosom. We then went to Battaglia, and mingled with the company.

It so happened, that Cecilia, in conversation with one of her acquaintances, went away from us. Neither the countess nor I were much displeased. With her upon my arm, we wandered through the gay crowd, until she was wearied. We sat upon a bank, under a spreading lime-tree; the moonlight fell through the branches upon the beautiful countenance of Hortense, and upon the withered bouquet in her bosom.

She gazed long on me with a curious, earnest look.

"I know not how it is, dear countess," I exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "the charm which had power over us is not lost—its direction only is altered. Once, when you were in a state of inspiration, I worked upon your mind; you now work upon mine. I live only in thoughts of you; I can do nothing—I am nothing without you. Be not angry at my confession; folly, indeed, before the world, but not in the sight of heaven. I only do your bidding. Can I hide myself from you? Is it a crime that my whole soul is filled with your image, dear countess? If so, it is not my crime."

She turned away her face, and raised her hand in order to make a sign that I should be silent. I had at the same moment lifted mine to conceal my eyes, which were full of tears. The raised hands sunk in one another. We were silent; my thoughts boiled over, under my overpowering sensations. I had betrayed my passion, and Hortense was gracious.

Cecilia disturbed us; we went silently back to the castle. When we departed, the countess said, gently and softly—

"I have been made well by means of you, only to become more sick."

The next day, when we met again, a kind of sacred fear seemed between us. I scarcely dared to speak to her, or she to answer me. Our looks often met, both full of earnestness; she appeared as if trying to look through me; I endeavored to read in her eyes if my boldness of the day before still made her angry. Many days passed in this manner before we had an opportunity of being alone; we had a secret between us, and seemed afraid of suffering the least sign of it to appear. The whole manner of Hortense seemed more solemn, as if she did not belong to the present world. In the meantime I thought that her altered demeanor was caused by that hour under the elm-tree, which had so strange an effect upon us both. Prince Carl had, as I afterwards discovered, formally demanded the hand of the countess in marriage, but this had given rise to an unpleasant scene between the prince and the count. In order, therefore, not to offend either of them, Hortense requested time to consider, but seemed so uncertain, that the prince began to despair of ever seeing his wish fulfilled.

"Not that I dislike the prince," she would say, "but I mean to enjoy my freedom for some time; but if this offer is too soon repeated, I will certainly refuse him, even if I love him."

The count knew from experience the determined nature of his daughter, but hoped a satisfactory result, as she had not yet declined the attentions of the prince. The prince seemed in low spirits about it; he saw himself condemned to be a lover, without any certain hopes; but he had vanity enough to believe that, through trusting and long waiting, he would succeed in gaining her affections. Her confidence in me began to make him rather uncomfortable, but he seemed to think it the less dangerous on account of her open nature. He had accustomed himself to look upon me as the friend of the family, as well as the adviser of the father and the daughter, and on this account he feared me the less as a rival. He at length went so far as to look upon me as a

confidant, and told me the history of his love for the countess, and implored me to find out if Hortense had really any affection for him. I was obliged to promise. He asked me every day if I had discovered anything, and I was obliged always to excuse myself by saying that I found it difficult to get at the countess alone. In order, I suppose, to procure me an opportunity, he got up a party to Arqua, three miles from Battaglia, which was often visited by strangers, to see the monument of Petrarch. Hortense seemed to have the highest opinion of this sweet lyrist, and to value him more than all the other Italian poets. She had long pictured to herself what pleasure this journey would afford her; but when the moment of departure arrived, Carl remained behind upon some trifling excuse, which he also contrived should detain the coach; he promised, however, to follow us without fail. Afterwards, Beatrice and Cecilia, the companions of the countess, went with her in the carriage, and I followed on horseback. I conducted the ladies to the church-yard of the village, where a simple slab of marble covers the ashes of the poet, and translated the Latin epitaph for them. Hortense stood over the stone in deep earnestness; she sighed.

"But all things do not die," said she, and I thought I felt a gentle pressure of my arm.

"If all things died," I replied, "human life would be cruelty, and love would be the greatest curse of life."

We went sorrowfully out of the church-yard; a friendly old man conducted us to the little hill covered with vines, on which stood the dwelling of Petrarch, near a garden commanding a pleasant view of the valley in the distance. The tools with which the poet worked were still to be seen in perfect preservation; the chairs and table at which he wrote and rested, and even the kitchen utensils, were all carefully preserved. Such remains as these have always a strong influence over my mind, connecting, as it were, the distance between the past and the present; it seemed to me as if the old poet was only just gone out, and would come in through the open door of his room to greet us. Hortense found a small edition of the sonnets lying upon the parlor table. She sat down as if tired, and, resting her beautiful head upon her hand, began to read. The attendants went out to procure refreshments, and I remained in silence at the window. My fate was the love and hopelessness of Petrarch; but there, in my presence, in her loveliness, sat another Laura, not divine through the power of poetry, but divine in her own living, breathing charms. I saw the countess was weeping, and becoming

alarmed, I approached her fearfully, but did not dare to speak. "Poor Petrarch," said she, rising. "But all things pass away. His grief has ceased hundreds of years ago; but they say in latter years he conquered his passion. Is it good, therefore, to be thus a conqueror—does not it destroy one's happiness?"

"But if necessity should command it?" said I.

"Has necessity power over the heart of man?" replied the countess.

"But Laura was the wife of Hugo of Sada; her heart could not be his; his lot was to love, and to die alone; he had the power of music, which was his solace; but like me, he was unhappy."

"As you!" said Hortense, in a low voice—"unhappy!"

"I have not the divine power of song; therefore my heart will break without a comforter. Oh, dearest countess, I can say no more—I can only remain honored in your opinion through manly courage; grant me, however, one favor, which I ask in all respect."

The eyes of the countess fell, but she spoke not.

"One request, dearest countess, for sake of my peace."

"What is it?" she whispered, without looking up.

"Am I certain you will not refuse it?" I replied.

She regarded me with a long, earnest look, and at length said—"I know not what you are going to ask me; but I owe you my life; whatever it is, I will grant it—speak."

I seized her hand—I sank at her feet—I pressed her hand to my burning lips—I nearly lost my consciousness and my power of speech. Hortense, as if powerless, stood with cast-down looks.

At last I regained the power of speech. "I must depart from hence—I must fly—I dare no longer stay. Let me fly—I dare no longer stay here—I will pass my life in some solitude far from you—I dare no longer remain—Carl has requested your hand in marriage."

"It shall never be his," interrupted the countess, with an earnest voice. She seemed to struggle with herself. "You are doing a great wrong," she said; "but I cannot hinder it," and she burst into a fit of tears. She staggered. As if in search of a seat when she arose, she sunk sobbing upon my breast. After a few moments, she regained her self-command; she felt herself encircled by one of my arms, and tried to escape; but I, as if

heaven was within my reach, forgot everything, pressed her closer to my breast, and exclaimed—"This moment alone, it is enough." Her resistance was at an end. She raised her eyes; they met mine, and a celestial blush, like that glorious hue of her ancient inspiration, suffused her lovely features.

"You will forget me when I am gone."

"Never!" she replied, earnestly.

"Adieu, then," I stammered. My forehead sank upon hers; our lips met; I felt her soft kiss steal over my lips, and one of her arms enircled my neck. Minutes, hours passed away. I went by her side, reeling like a drunken man, down the steps which led from the dwelling of Petrarch. Two servants awaited below, who conducted us to a summer-house under the laurels, where refreshments were prepared. The next moment a carriage rolled up, in which were seated the count and the prince. Hortense was very earnest, and her answers short. She seemed lost in reverie. I cast furtive glances at her, and saw her attempts at conversation with the prince. We visited a second time the dwelling of Petrarch, in order to gratify the curiosity of the count. When we entered the room, made sacred by the scene which had just passed, Hortense seated herself in the chair she had previously occupied, and resumed her former position, and took up the book. She remained so until we departed; then she arose, placed her hand upon her heart, cast a searching, hurried glance at me, and departed. The prince observed this look and gesture; a dark lurid flush overspread his features as he went out with folded arms. I did not doubt but the jealousy of Carl had guessed everything, and feared his vengeance less for myself than for the peace of the countess. Therefore as soon as we returned home, I determined to prepare for a speedy departure on the next morning. I told Count Rosenthal of my determination, gave up all my papers, and enjoined him to say nothing of it to the countess until I had departed.

Some time previously I had obtained the count's permission, in case of this event, that old Heinrich, who had often prayed for his discharge, in order once more to see his German home, should accompany me. He danced for joy in my room, when he heard that the hour of departure was near. A horse and a mantlesack provided for each was our only preparation for the journey. I had determined, before the arrival of the next day, to depart in great quietness. No one was to know anything about it except Heinrich and the count. I wanted to write a few lines of thanks, and an eternal farewell to Hortense.

The count embraced me in the most tender manner, thanked me for my services, and promised in an hour to return to my room, in order to give me some papers which would be of use, and would enable me to pass my future life free from care. As he expressed himself, this was only to be a small instalment of the debt which he would have to owe me all his life. I did not intend to refuse a moderate sum for my travelling expenses, for I was almost without funds; but more than this my pride forbade me to receive. When I returned to my room, I began to pack up. Heinrich went to prepare the horses, in order to be able to start at a moment's notice. In the meantime I wrote to Hortense, and what I suffered in this task—how often I rose unable to finish it—I can scarcely explain. My hopes in life were destroyed—my future a blank—death were preferable to a life without hope. I tore several times what I had written. I had scarcely finished, when I was interrupted in an unexpected manner. Heinrich rushed into my room trembling and breathless, seized upon the packages, and exclaimed—

"Something unfortunate has happened; they will send you to prison; they will prosecute you; fly, before it is too late!"

I asked the reason of this terror.

"I only know the old count is in dreadful anger, and the prince is in a frenzy. Every one in the castle was enraged at me!"

I answered coldly that I knew no reason to fear—still less, that I should fly as a criminal.

"Sir," shouted Heinrich, "one could not enter this family without misfortune. An evil star is over it; I have long said so—fly!"

In the meantime, two chasseurs of the count entered the door, and besought me to come to his highness on the instant. Gobald nodded, and winked with his eyes, that I should try to escape. I could scarcely avoid laughing at his consternation as I followed the chasseurs. Yet I told him to keep the horses saddled, for I could not doubt that something extraordinary had happened, and perhaps the prince, mad with jealousy, had got me into some scrape. It had happened as follows:—I had scarcely left the count, when Carl came violently to him, and told him plainly that I had dishonored his house, by making open love to the countess. The attendant of Hortense, Beatrice, now, either by the presents of the prince, or by his kindness, had, when with Cecilia she left the dwelling of Petrarch, impatient at our delay, returned back there, and saw our embraces. The handmaid was, of course, too modest to interrupt us, but ready enough, as soon as we had returned to the

castle, to inform the prince of what had occurred. The count would not believe it; it appeared to him so improbable, that a painter—a common plebeian—should have gained the affections of the countess; at first he was disposed to attribute the whole thing to the vain suspicions of jealousy. So the prince, in order to justify himself, was obliged to betray the betrayer, and Beatrice, however reluctant, was compelled to describe what she had seen.

The rage of the count knew no bounds, and what had happened seemed so extraordinary to him, that he wished to have his daughter's account of the affair. The countess appeared. The sight of the pale faces, distorted by anger and by fear, aroused her.

"What is the matter?" she said, with a serious air.

The count replied, in a stern, earnest voice—

"That remains for you to tell." Then, with forced composure, he took her hand—"You are accused of staining the honor of our ancient house, by a love affair with this painter. Deny it—say no—give honor and peace to your father; you alone can do it. Confute these malicious witnesses—confute the declarations of those who have dared to say they have seen you in that man's embrace. Here stands the prince, your future husband—give him your hand—show him that this accusation is a cursed falsehood. His presence shall no longer disturb our peace; he leaves us this evening forever," the count continued.

He seemed to endeavor, now that the varying color of the countess left him no alternative, to give the best color he could to the affair. He was prepared for everything, except what he was now to hear from the countess. With her usual dignity and determination, but not without some anger at the treachery of Beatrice, and the intelligence of my approaching departure, she first turned towards Beatrice, and said—

"I will not be judged before you; my servant shall not be my accuser. Leave this room, and this castle, and never dare to enter my presence again."

The attendant fell weeping at her feet, but to no purpose—she was obliged to leave the room. Then she turned to her father, and desired that I should be summoned. The count hurried out; I was called. The count retired for a few moments, and we entered the apartment together.

"My dear Emanuel," said she, "you and I stand here as accused, or, more properly, as condemned." She then related what had happened. "They now await my justification. I shall not justify myself, save before

God, the judge of hearts. I have now only to confess the truth, because my father wishes it, and to declare my unalterable determination, because my destiny orders it and I have been born under an unlucky planet. I should be unworthy of your esteem, if I could not rise higher than any misfortune." She next advanced to the prince, and said—"I respect, but I do not love you. My hand will never be yours; entertain no further hopes. After what has taken place, I must entreat you to trouble us no more. You need not expect my father can alter my determination; his least violence can only end in my death. I have no more to say to you. But to you, my father, I must make it known, that I love him whom you call a painter. He is hated by you, because his rank in life is inferior to yours. He must depart. My earthly ties with him are at an end; but my heart remains his. You cannot alter it; for any trial to do so will end my life. I tell you beforehand, I have made up my mind to die. There will be an end of my misery."

She was silent. The count tried to speak, so did the prince. She nodded to him to keep silence. She then advanced to me, drew a ring from her finger, gave it to me, and said—

"My friend, I depart from you, perhaps, forever; keep this ring in memory of me. This gold and these diamonds will be dust sooner than my love and trust can wither. Do not forget me."

With these words she laid her hands upon my shoulders, imprinted a kiss upon my lips, became cold and pale, and sunk with closed eyes to the earth.

The count uttered a fearful scream; the prince called for help; I carried the beautiful and lifeless body to a sofa. The attendants came; doctors were called in; I remained on my knees almost insensible. The count raised me up. "Thou hast killed her," he shouted in a tone of thunder. He pushed me out of the door. At a signal from him, two chasseurs caught hold of me, and pushed me down the steps. Heinrich, who was standing at the stable, saw me, hurried forward, and carried me to the horse, which stood ready saddled. He lifted me on horseback; and as we rode away, I rode as if in a dream, and was often in danger of falling. It was some time ere I recovered. Everything that had happened rose before me; I wanted to turn back to the castle, and learn the fate of Hortense; but he entreated of me so fervently to give up this idea, that I was constrained to submit. I had scarcely turned my horse, when I saw some riders apparently at full gallop, and a voice exclaimed, "Accursed murderer!" It was the

voice of Carl. Some shots were fired; and while I was seizing my pistols, my horse fell dead under me. I extricated myself. The prince rode at me with a drawn sword; and while he tried to ride me down, I shot him through the body; as he sank he was caught by his attendants. Heinrich fired at them as they retreated; then he came back, removed the bags from the dead horse, put me up behind him, and we departed with all speed. This affair took place near a small wood, which we did not reach until it was nearly dark. We rode the whole night, not knowing whither. In the morning, when we halted at a small village inn to rest, we found our horse so cut with the saddle, that we could not use him further. We, therefore, sold him for a small sum, continued our route by pathways little frequented, carrying our own baggage, which was not very heavy.

The first beams of the rising sun were sparkling upon the diamonds of Hortense's ring. I kissed it, weeping. Heinrich had informed me, the previous evening, that he had heard from one of the servants the countess was recovering. This cheered my drooping spirits, and my fate was now indifferent to me. I had exquisite sorrow in the separation from that being. We never stopped until we reached Ravenna; there we had a long rest, and, overpowered by my exertions and sufferings, I fell into a fever. The old servant was under dreadful apprehensions that the death of the prince would cause us to be apprehended by the authorities. We assumed feigned names, changed our dresses, and my powerful constitution, rather than the skill of the physician, gradually restored me to health. I was, however, still weak; but as we had determined upon sailing from Ravenna to Trieste, I hoped that the voyage would complete my recovery. One morning Heinrich came into my room in great fear.

"We can't," he said, "remain here any longer. A stranger is at the door inquiring for us; he says he must see you. We are betrayed."

"Let him enter," I said.

A well-dressed man, who inquired after my health, came in.

"It is well," added he, "you are recovering. The prince is out of danger, but has sworn against you. You wish to go to Germany by Trieste. Do not travel by that route. There is no ship in Rimini for Trieste, except one, which touches at Naples. If you go there you are either dead or a prisoner. Here you have a letter. The captain is a friend of mine; he will receive you with pleasure."

I was much struck that this apparent stranger should know my history so well, and inquired how he had gained this information.

"That is all I can tell you," he replied. "I live in Ravenna, and am a scribe of the justices. But I advise you to save yourself."

I had great difficulty in persuading Heinrich that the stranger was not the devil. "How otherwise," said he, "could he have found out all this?" But upon inquiry I ascertained that he was really what he had represented himself to be. But what puzzled me was his having penetrated our intention of going to Trieste, which I supposed no one but myself had been aware of. The same evening, having hired a carriage, we arrived at Rimini; but I was yet in doubts whether I was plunging into the hands of my enemies, or escaping from them. In the meantime we reached Rimini, and found the captain. I gave him the letter, which I had previously taken the precaution of reading. A favorable wind arose; the anchor having been hoisted, we set sail. There were other travellers on board. One among the number gave me some apprehensions, for I remembered to have seen him at the baths of Battaglia. He was bound for Naples, where he said he had a warehouse. He spoke much of the acquaintances he had made at Battaglia, but especially of a German countess he had met, who was a picture of beauty and grace. He had not heard of the prince's misfortune. The countess, he said, had departed a few days previously, whither he had not taken the trouble of inquiring. It was enough; Hortense lived, was well, and I sighed, "May she be happy." Many a night I walked the deck, lost in revery, and dreaming of her. The young merchant tried to raise my drooping spirits, and having heard that I was a painter, continually drew my attention to that subject. His kindness, and the sympathy he showed for my sorrow, induced him to invite me to his house, more especially as my funds were waxing low.

The kindness and care of Imfaldine (for such was the name of my new friend) quite embarrassed me. From a mere *compagnon-du-voyage* he became my friend. He introduced me as his friend to his worthy mother and his beautiful wife; but he did not rest even here—he introduced me to his friends, and I procured many orders for paintings. I succeeded beyond my hopes. My pictures were admired, I was paid munificently, and everything seemed to prosper with me. Heinrich found himself so comfortable, that he forgot his home wishes, and, as he himself quaintly said, he would rather live on bread and water than serve the Count Rosenthal for

gold. My plan was to make as much by my profession as would bring me back to Germany. I was diligent and frugal, and thus a year passed over. The quiet and happy life I led in the house of Imfaldine, and the beautiful climate, contributed to make me forget my first resolution of returning. The only attraction which that country now seemed to have for me was in the hope of meeting the countess once more; but when I thought of our painful parting, and of the solemn promise she had made her father to see me no more, I determined to suffer my lot in silence. Young, I was like an old oak tree withered, and left to die alone. Time, they say, heals all wounds. I believed this, but did not experience its truth. My sorrow was unceasing. I departed from the happy haunts of my associates, and often wept in secret. I thought of her in all her majesty and beauty. The second year passed, and I was as miserable as ever. In the darkest hours of my life, remarkable as it may seem, a gleam of hope still cheered me, and I always had expectations of hearing of my loved and lost one. This now began to leave me. How could she hear or know of my hermit life. Hortense was dead to me. She only came back in my dreams, radiant with celestial beauty, as I used to see her when inspired. Imfaldine would often ask me what was the cause of my sorrow. I could not bring myself to tell. At last inquiries ceased. My powers of life began to fail, and I often thought of death; when, one evening, amongst some letters which were orders for fresh paintings, there came a little box. I opened it. Who can paint my joy and rapture—I saw a picture of Hortense, fresh and beautiful, but dressed in mourning. Her face was paler, but her eyes were filled with a radiant light; beside it was a piece of paper, on which was written—"My Emanuel, hope!" I fell speechless into a chair; I knelt, thanking kind Providence. I sobbed—I tore my hair—I committed a thousand extravagances. Heinrich found me in this condition—he thought I had gone mad. In truth, I felt how much less capable we are of bearing up against happiness than sorrow. My hopes bloomed freshly; my health was restored, much to the marvel of Imfaldine and all my friends—I waited impatiently for further tidings—I could not imagine how she had arrived at the knowledge of where I was residing. Eight anxious months had passed before I heard any. At length a letter arrived, containing these words:—

"I wish to see you once more, Emanuel. On the first morning in May, be in Sivornia; inquire from the Swiss merchant for the widow Marina Schwartz, from whom you will hear

further news. Inform no one in Naples whither you are going—speak least of all of me. I live for no one in this world but for you only, and that, perhaps, for a few months."

This letter filled me with delight; but the fear of some further mystery still haunted me. To see that beautiful creature once more, if only for a few moments, was enough. In April I left Naples, and the house of Imfaldine—I left it with sorrow. I arrived with Heinrich at Gaeta, where an unexpected pleasure awaited me. At the gate of the gardens, among some ladies, I saw Cecilia. I alighted. She introduced me to her relatives. I heard too, that she had left Hortense about a year; she knew nothing of her, except that she believed she had entered a cloister.

"I hear," she added, "the old count is dead. From the manner in which he contracted his expenditure before his death, I believe he had left his affairs greatly embarrassed. The countess reduced her establishment to a few persons. She had the kindness, however, to retain me; but as she lost everything in an unlucky lawsuit, we were all sent away except an old waiting-woman. The countess declared she would end her days in a convent. However painful the parting was, she was an angel, and never looked more beautiful than under the pressure of adversity. Her rich dresses, her priceless jewels, she distributed amongst us—rewarded all with queenly generosity—leaving herself almost in a state of necessity—and departed, entreating our prayers."

This story of Cecilia soon cleared up Hortense's last letter; but I heard that the Prince Carl, who was desperately, but not dangerously wounded, had entered the Maltese service, where he afterwards lost his life. In a joyful mood I left Gaeta; the ill-fortune of Hortense aroused my pity, and gave me fresh hope. The whole way to Sivornia I was occupied with such dreams. I arrived there eight days before the first of May, and immediately sought the appointed shop, that I might find the residence of the widow Schwartz. A servant accompanied me; but, to my great disappointment, I found she had gone out, and would not return for an hour. At the appointed hour I arrived, and was conducted to an upper apartment, where I found a lady seated upon a sofa, who did not appear to observe my entrance. She seemed overpowered with grief, and was trying to stifle her sobs; a feverish shudder ran through my veins. There seemed something in the form of the widow like that of my long-lost Hortense—her sobs reminded me of her—like a drunken man, I let my hat and stick fall, and threw myself at her feet.

My God ! who can describe my feelings—the arms of Hortense enchained my neck—her lips pressed mine—the dread past was forgotten—the future rose fresh and glorious before me—never had love such a reward, or trust such a realization. Both seemed to think that the present was but a happy dream. The first moments we spent together seemed so short, and even the questions we asked and answered, so uncertain, that when we parted it seemed as if we had only just met. I breakfasted with her next morning ; her whole suite was a chamber-maid, a cook, and a chasseur. Everything on the table was of the finest porcelain and silver, but every article without the old count's crest. This appearance of wealth, so contrary to my expectations, nearly banished my dreams of happiness. I had almost hoped to have found her poor, in order to be able with courage to offer her my hand. Now I was the poor painter again, whose station was so unequal to hers. I did not conceal from her what I heard at Gaeta, and what thoughts, fears, and hopes I had indulged, that she would not hide her youth and beauty within the walls of a convent. How happy I would be in laying the profits of my future industry at her feet. I doubted her in the hour of hope and love. The simple and quiet life we might lead in solitude ; the humble house, with its little garden ; the artist's studio, enchanted by her. She cast down her eyes, and a bright glow suffused her features. Hortense arose, went to a press in the wall, took out a little ebony box, mounted with silver, and gave it to me with the key.

"For this purpose," she said, "I have had you summoned to Sivornia. It belongs, in part, to the entire fulfilment of your dreams. After the death of my father, this was my first thought. I have never lost sight of you since your flight from Battaglia. A lucky chance threw a letter of yours from Ravenna in the way of one of my suite, directing the way in which you intended to travel. Imfaldine allowed himself to be persuaded into an understanding that you should be taken care of, and allowed me from time to time to give him some presents for you. I heard of you every month, and these letters have been my only solace since our separation. After my father's death, I left my family, partly on account of my position, as the estates went to male heirs. I converted everything else into money. I never thought of returning to my native land again—my last hope was a convent. I pretended that I wanted to marry, which I could not do, surrounded by the relatives of my father. I therefore separated from them, assumed the name and rank of a civilian, and after all was arranged, I had you summoned,

in order to fulfil the promise I had made to heaven and to you. You have related to me your beautiful dreams—now let us turn to reality."

She opened the casket, took out a packet closely sealed, and directed to me. She broke the seal, drew forth a paper made out by a notary, in which were enumerated debts owed to me, and bank-notes in the money of various countries—accumulated interest, which belonged to me as the reversion of the property of the widow, Mariana Schwartz—

"This, Emanuel, is your justly-earned wealth. I have nothing to do with it. When I depart from the world, and retire to a cloister, I shall still have enough left. If you ever think of me—I beg you will preserve an eternal silence as to my name and rank—breathe not a syllable ; and if you either refuse this, or offer me thanks, all bond of union between us is broken. Give me your hand upon it."

I heard this with pain and wonder, pushed the papers aside, and said—

"Do you imagine these have any value for me ? I care not to refuse them, nor to thank you—I shall do neither. If you retire into a cloister, all this and the world beside are nothing to me. I want nothing. What you give me is worthless dust. Oh ! Hortense, you once said my soul had inspired you—I will burn these papers—destroy your picture—become poor, too ; but be mine—mine only !"

She leaned trembling against me, took both my hands in hers, and said, with strong emotion—

"Am I not yours, Emanuel ?"

"But the convent," I said.

"My last resource, if you leave me."

Then we swore our union before God—the priests blessed it at the altar. We left Sivornia, and sought out a charming solitude, which is now peopled with our children.

P. B.

THE SAXON.

All advice is lost upon the Saxon ; but *show him* a method superior to his own ; give him but a hint of the superiority existing somewhere, and nowhere on the earth will be found a person so ready to adopt the new method, so admirably active and skilful in applying the discoveries of other races to his own pecuniary advantage. Inventive *genius* he has not, applicative *ability* is all his own. *Accumulative* desires haunt him everywhere ; in Holland, England, America.—Dr. Knox (*Medical Times*.)

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

THE EXTREME EAST.

Absorbed by the great questions which had agitated Europe, but little attention has during the last year been given to those interests which are not immediately connected with these questions. In the extreme East, for instance, events have been progressing which are deserving of attentive observation; changes have been taking place in British India, in China, and in the Eastern Archipelago, to which Europe cannot remain indifferent.

The Indo-British Empire, composed of elements so different that it seems to carry in itself the germ of approaching destruction, is becoming more and more consolidated, thanks to the persevering and judicious application of those principles of a mixed form of government, which are inspired at once by the European mind, and by the natural tendencies of the nations submitted to its action. In its progress towards this great end of consolidation and administrative union, the English government has encountered, and continues daily to encounter, partial obstacles which render the employment of force necessary. We believe this employment to be legitimate, not only in a political, but also in a moral point of view. The nations of Hindostan cannot but gain, in exchanging for the liberal rule which England is gradually imposing upon them, the despotic sway under which they have groaned for ages. Let the Punjaub, the states of the Nizam, the kingdom of Oude fall more or less entirely under the administration of the chief government; we will not be led into empty declamation against the unmeasured ambition and perpetual encroachments of England. The welfare of more than a hundred million souls, the regular development of the commercial resources of a considerable portion of the East, are the great interests at stake. As to the power of England in India, it is seated upon too firm a basis to be seriously threatened by the conspiracies which have recently broken out in the Punjaub, by the disturbances in the dominions of the Nizam, and the kingdom of Oude, or by the late revolt in Moultan. The Sikh conspirators are now dead, captive, or dispersed; their plot is already forgotten. Tranquillity has not been disturbed in Lahore. Hyderabad and Lucknow are in the last stage of decay and disorder, and the increasing misery of these nations will justify the direct intervention of the English government. The inurrection of the Dewan Moolraj, in Moultan, appeared

likely to become formidable, when the fortunate energy and talent of a young officer, Lieutenant Edwards, arrested its progress. At the head of a detachment of native troops he twice attacked and defeated the army of Moolraj, who found himself compelled to abandon his artillery and to take refuge within the walls of Moultan. Reinforcements have been dispatched by the British authorities, and it is probable that Moultan is now in the hands of the English.

While in India there appears to be no obstacle to the success of the measures adopted by the government, for securing a rapid extension of the commercial relations with that part of the world, the development of the same relations in China is made subordinate to political questions, the issue of which it is not so easy to foresee. China repels instinctively, as well as by the whole power of its institutions, the direct influence and moral contact of Europe. The reigning sovereigns, the aged Tao-Kwang, has prudently resisted the instigations of those of his advisers, who would wash out in English blood the disgrace of the treaty of Nankin; but Tao-Kwang is approaching the termination of his career, and after his death the war-party may have the ascendancy in the councils of Peking. The concessions made by the Chinese, trifling as they appear, have moreover multiplied the points of contract between the Europeans and the population of the interior, and have exhibited in the former a dangerous tendency to abuse the privilege accorded to them by the supplementary treaty, of penetrating, under certain conditions, and within certain prescribed limits, into the country. The murder of five Europeans in the vicinity of Canton, the violence to which three English missionaries were nearly becoming victims thirty miles from Shanghai, show but too clearly the serious tendency of these infractions of the treaty, and it is evident that the future relations of Europe and China are momentarily in danger of being compromised.

The innumerable islands which lie to the south of the Chinese seas have also been the theatre of events which ought to excite a lively interest in Europe. The Spanish government of the Philippine islands, departing by a noble effort from the timid prudence which for a long time has characterized its actions, has directed a formidable expedition against the pirates who infest that region, and has destroyed their prin-

cipal places of resort. The governor-general commanded in person this glorious expedition, the success of which exceeded the warmest expectations which had been formed. At nearly the same time a Dutch expedition was proceeding to the same spot, and with the same object in view, and that before the project of the Spaniards had been made known. At the request of the governor of Macassar, the supreme government of the Dutch East-Indian colonies fitted out two small vessels of war, which were, however unprovided with troops that might bedisembarked, and could therefore inflict but a slight chastisement upon the murderous pirates. But let us not deceive ourselves; the total destruction of piracy, in the Eastern Archipelago and the Chinese seas, can only be accomplished by a frank and vigorous coöperation on the part of the great maritime powers of Europe. This plague of humanity can only be healed by the most violent remedies.

The Dutch possessions in the East-Indies, have had, like Europe, their political movements. The events of February became known in Batavia in March. The demonstrations of the liberal party and the somewhat exaggerated expression of their enthusiasm alarmed the governor-general and induced him to take extraordinary measures of precaution. It permitted, however, a meeting of the reformers, and the result of this meeting has been the presentation of a petition to the King of Holland, the chief object of which is the abolition of a law excluding from public employments all who are born in the colony, unless they have been educated at the universities of the mother-country. More recent events have made the position of the colonial government one of no small difficulty. A second expedition, undertaken against the refractory rajahs of the island of Bali in order to compel them to observe the conditions of the treaty made in 1846, has failed. The Dutch, after having carried by storm one of the formidable redoubts raised by

the islanders, were, from want of ammunition, unable to maintain themselves in it. The colonial government cannot submit to the affront thus put upon its arms. It is a question, not only of honor, but of present and future security. Public opinion in Holland has pronounced itself strongly in favor of the resumption of hostilities, and Bali must sooner or later submit to the dominion of Java.

At other points of the Eastern Archipelago, the Dutch government has also difficulties, though of a less serious nature, to contend against. Sumatra is tranquil, and only occupied with the development of its agricultural resources. But at Borneo, the proximity of the English establishments at Labuan and Sarawak, makes the Dutch feel the necessity of making as much as possible of all the advantages which they derive from their long possession of certain important points, and their relations with a large number of native princes. Celebes is endeavoring to profit by the liberal measure, tardily granted, which declares Macassar a free port; but the defective organization of the financial system of Java renders remittances difficult, and the internal commerce, by which exportation is fed, is languishing in consequence of hostilities which have broken out between the kings of Boni and Sopeng. At Macassar they indulge the hope that expeditions will soon be organized in France and Belgium for the purpose of supplying them with the manufactures of those countries. There is in truth an important opening for our industry; unhappily, the state of credit seems to debar, for some time to come, French commerce from any operation of this nature. It is to be hoped that, with the return of confidence, the attention of our merchants will be much more fully directed to the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and to the Indian possessions of Holland.—*Revue des Deux Mondes.*

A DAY'S GUNNING IN NEW JERSEY.

BY A "BRITISHER."

Some years since, I crossed the Atlantic, my mind full of red men, buffalo hunts, prairies, and bush-fighting, and I longed to enjoy the exciting sports, and to behold the stupendous scenery of which I had heard and read such glowing accounts.

I landed in that "first flower of the forest,"

the city of New York, in the month of July; and lost no time in making acquaintance with the sporting men residing at that place, to whom I had letters, and found that I was just in time for woodcock-shooting, which commences on the "fourth of July." Many affairs of consequence date from that day, celebrated in his.

tory through Jonathan's Declaration of the Independence of "Those U-nited States."

The weather was suffocatingly hot; but I was too keen a sportsman to heed heat or cold, and having made my arrangements, and procured letters of introduction to a certain farmer-Colonel Zedekiah Faithful, who resided some seventy miles in the interior, I proceeded on my excursion. Of the pleasures of the road I shall make no observation, save that unless a man be double-jointed, he had better not attempt to travel over a corduroy road in New Jarsay.

I arrived at my destination late in the evening, and finding, after much vociferation, that all application of this kind was of no avail, I tied my horse to a stake, entered the dwelling, and found the whole household seated at a long table, on which were piled enormous masses of pork, supported by heaps of cranberry jam, and huge bowls of Indian suppane and milk. So intently were the family engaged in cramming lumps of meat into their mouths, and forcing the same down their throats with gulps of milk, (for mastication, it appeared, took too much time, and was quite an unnecessary refinement,) that my entrance was not at first noticed. I therefore addressed myself to the elder of the family. The old man, hardly raised his head, and, with his mouth full of cranberry jam, hissed forth an invitation for me to be seated and to partake of the meal.

I soon found it was of no use to wait for further formalities; it was clear if I did not help myself I should not get any of the vast masses of food now fast disappearing; but although my long drive had given me a most keen appetite, I was no match for these "go-aheads," and long before I had satisfied my cravings, pork, cranberry jam, and suppane, had vanished.

All then left the house, each man having a cigar on one side of his mouth, and a quid of tobacco swelling his cheek on the other. I now again addressed the Colonel, who had seated himself outside the house, and was blowing forth such clouds of smoke as made him nearly invisible. The Colonel read my letter of introduction, presented me with a cigar, and then appeared lost in thought; at last he said:—

"Well, now, I rather con-tem-plate you are one of them Britishers I have heard tell on, who still hold to the smooth bore and small shot, and go a bird-gunning.* Well, 'tis

* Years past, the backwoodsmen held in great contempt those who used shot and killed birds; the rifle and ball being their weapon, and deer and bear their game. These men have passed away, and their descendants are as eager bird-gunners as any Britisher.

strange, it beats all natur, and I can't no how make ye all out. You Britishers whipped all the world, and so in course you must be rayther a smart nation—that's reasoning. Well, now, you see we whipped the Britishers, and if your nation an't so sharp as we, why you must be pit-yed, I suppose, and that's all I can make of it. But, how on earth can a cretur with common sense go on bird-hunts, and throw away a good charge of powder on a darned miserable feathered cretur not two mouthfuls, when the same charge would put a fat moose into his house, and feed all hands for a week? Well, stranger, well! it's no use bothering one's head, but if you are bound on a bird-hunt, I must do the best I can for ye, only do'n't mention it to my boys, they'd laugh at ye, and not a one stir on such a frolic. But there's my old nigger, Apollo, he does at times, when he can, get the miserable mites in a grist and bring down a hul swarm on them; he knows all their haunts, you had better speak to him."

And the Colonel, appearing to be fatigued with so long a discourse, fell back in his seat, and with his feet placed well against the rail, much higher than his head, gave himself up to contemplation.

Upon my applying to the old nigger he gave me to understand he knew a swamp "chockful" of woodcock; I therefore bade him call me early, and, fatigued with my journey, I retired to rest.

Rest! Oh! treacherous memory! the remembrance of that night was engraven on my body in blood. Sleep overcame me, and I dreamed of woodcocks. Thousands upon thousands methought filled the air; I was tired of their slaughter; when with one accord, they turned, and, darting at me, pierced my body in every direction with their long bills. With a yell of anguish I awoke, and found my whole person covered with corpulent blood-sucking musquitoes. To sleep under such persecution would have been to rival the martyrs of old, who slept under the tortures of the rack. I therefore spent the rest of the night in doing battle with my relentless tormentors, and at last, just as the first ray of light appeared, worn out with fatigue, I dropped off into a dreamy dose from which I was startled by the voice of the old nigger, "Golly! how massa do sleep dis pine morning." This was my knell to my little hopes of repose; I therefore dressed and descended to the open air.

The pure breeze of the morning, balmy, and scented with the fragrance of the magnolia, the cedar, the shumac, and sweet hay,*

* A wild grass, which, when going to seed, has a most fragrant odor.

cooled my fevered lips; a bath in a bright stream near the house soothed my poor swollen body; and I found myself, after a frugal breakfast of Indian suppane and milk, refreshed and eager for the sport of the day.

Apollo now appeared *en costume* for the chase, and his toggery certainly rather startled me; neither did my appointments seem to give him less surprise; but this I did not much wonder at, as I should have been much disappointed had not my *perfect* equipment created some admiration in the unsophisticated minds of the backwoodsmen.

My coat was of the latest London cut, and, to suit the heat of the weather, of gauze-like material, lower garment to match, shoes of the thinnest, and with my superbly-finished double gun slung over my arm, I felt my vast superiority over the poor old nigger, who was clad in a thick leather skirt, which reached to his thighs, and was there met by an enormous pair of strong boots; he was armed with a murderous-looking Queen Anne's musket; he muttered, at starting, something about "A little too tin for de swamp." On the way I endeavored to draw Apollo into conversation, and I was soon convinced he could be as garrulous as the rest of his race.

The nigger had, it appeared, been brought up by the father of his present master, one Colonel Obadiah Faithful, who, in his opinion, was the model of a hero.

"Golly, sar!" said Apollo, "Colonel Obadiah was a great man. You know the Colonel, sar? Not know Colonel Obadiah,—where 'bout you come from, you no know dat great soldar? Why, de Colonel was de berry mos stordinary man ob de day, sar; im great sportsman, great rider, and at fittin', Lord, sar, im a debil to fit! Why, sar, I saw de Colonel beat a hul swarm of British dragooners."

"Ah! how was that, Apollo?"

"Why, dis away, sar. You see dat I and the Colonel libed on de banks of de Potomac riber, dareaway you know, massa, down by Washington. Well, sar, we had heard dat de Britishers were off de coast in dair big ships, and dat dey sane dat they would land and burn Washington city; so Colonel Obadiah and de rest of de militia generals, dey had a mittin, and it was put to wote and carried, dat de Britishers shouldent be no how allowed to come ashore, not no how; so all the militia was camped about de country, and ready to bust wid de fittin dat was in dem. Well, sar, one morning berry early I went down to de riber to fish, and I had just pulled up one d—d big cat fish, when I seed a hul swarm of boats a making for de shore. Oh, said I,

dair you is at last, is you, you tarnal warmints; so I ups killuck, and offs to de house, and, said I, 'Colonel, der a coming.' 'Is dey,' said de Colonel; 'den, Apollo, by de blessing ob 'eaven we will show dem glory.' Well, sar, our missus was in a most awful squatteration, cartainly, when Colonel Obadiah go down to de riber with his 'Washington Forked Lightning Rifles,' and our missus was afeard his awful rage would get the better of im, and he'd masseker and cut to pieces all de poor misguided Britishers. Berry soon I heard a most tarnation firing, so I ups on de top ob de house, to see de fun. 'O, Golly-gosh, missus,' said I, 'they're a getting pepper, and no mistak; the Colonel is a pounding them into smash.' 'In course he is,' said missus; 'Colonel Obadiah was always a great warrior.' Well, sar, soon ater dis I seed a horse a comin, and I knowed it to be our mare 'Clear Grit,' and de Colonel on her, a ridin like mad; den I seed de 'Forked Lightnings' a cutting along, and de red coated dragooners a perancing and a teranting about, and now and den one of dem rolling off his horse. 'Ah, Gosh,' said I, 'don't you wish you had nebber a tried fittin with our Colonel Obadiah.' Well, sar, predenly the fire wasent quite so trong, and I seed de Colonel a comin on 'Clear Grit;' dat mare, sar, was a going like a streak, and behind the Colonel was about twenty dragooners. Lord, sar, how beautiful the Colonel was a riding; how he did grind in de spurs and lay on with his sword. You see, massa, I knowd the Colonel (who was a great racer man), arter he had beat the Britishers, was a habbing a race wid de dragooners, so I hollared to missus and told her she needent be no more afeerd dat de Colonel would hurt de poor critters any more, but he was a trying it on at a quarter spurt, and was a winning like nothin. Molly-gosh, sar, how dat Colonel did ride! It no use for de dragooners to race agin 'Clear Grit.' She was a Wirginna bred mare, sar, and had taken de track from all de best critters in dat location, and so de darned warmints seemed to tink; for when dey found dey could not catch de Colonel, dey began a firing at de mare, sar. Warn't I just riled; so I hollared out at de dragooners, as dey went past de house, dat firing warn't fair play; when de spiteful warmints slaped two shots right at my head. But de farder de Colonel went, de farder de dragooners were behind. I knowed it warn't no use to try a racing or a fittin with our Colonel, and so I told missus. The Colonel, sar, galloped right slap up to de 'Stamp and Go Roarers,' and dis redgemen, seeing de dragooners a coming, cleared de

course ; on went de Colonel over de hill and out of sight ; and dat's de way I saw de Colonel beat the Britishers, sar."

I was rather amused at the old nigger's description of the English troops' landing on the Potomac, and the conceit with which he turned the retreat of Colonel Obadiah into a race.

We had now arrived at the cedar swamp ; and having loaded, I sent forward the dogs, but Apollo told me to call them in. "Dey critters nebber pind woodcock ; leab old nigger to pind de bird."

On entering the covert I soon found the use of Apollo's thick jacket. Never, in all my experience, had I seen anything to equal the denseness of this thicket, or the size and sharpness of the thorns. My gauze-like coat was soon in ribbons ; my eyes nearly blinded, my face in streams of blood ; this, added to the almost overpowering heat, made my position anything but agreeable, particularly as we had not as yet seen a single cock in near half an hour's beat.

Apollo glided about, peering into the trees in a most extraordinary manner, as I thought, and I was upon the point of asking him if we could not find some more open spot, when I found something strike me on the face. Almost blinded with the blow, I put up my hand ; a cry of horror escaped me ; I found I had grasped the cold coils of an enormous black snake,* which was hanging from a tree over my head.

Apollo looked round, gave a low chuckle, and was proceeding onward, when I called on him for mercy's sake to stop.

"Ya ! ya ! ya !" laughed the old wretch ; "im only poor black tnake."

"*Only* black tnake !" said I, my flesh creeping with horror ; "I did not know there were any snakes in this part of the country."

"No tnake, massa ! why um chockful of tnake, dis swamp ; im full of copper-heads.† We nebber come into swamp widout de tick boots, caus if copper bite um, im dead man, sar. Dair, massa ! look under dat shumac bush, just by you poot ; dair one tundering big chap."

Nearly deprived of motion by fear, I saw close to my foot the venomous reptile.

"Let us leave this dreadful place, Apollo," said I.

* The black snake is near five feet long, often longer ; it is quite harmless, and often climbs trees after birds.

† A viper of the largest size, and most deadly ; called coppers by the inhabitants, on account of their color, and the flatness of their heads.

"What, before we find the woodcock, sar ?"

"D—n the woodcock !" said I, now losing all patience, and determined, if possible, to put an end to my disagreeable situation.

Apollo led the way sulkily, and I followed, walking as though I was treading on red-hot ploughshares, expecting each moment to have a black snake round my neck, or a copper-head on my leg. All at once I observed Apollo raise his gun ; slowly, and with great care, the old man took his aim, and at last his musket poured forth its contents. The nigger darted forward and seized his prize, which, with a mouth extended from ear to ear, he proclaimed to be "one berry pine woodcock."

"Woodcock, you grinning old idiot ! that's not a woodcock, that's a woodpecker."*

"Im may be not Britisher's woodcock," said Apollo, putting the bird in his pocket, and looking at me with the utmost contempt.

It was, indeed, a woodpecker, called here the hio, which is often eaten by the country-people, and the old nigger had supposed I was in search of this bird.

We soon came to the outside of the covert, when, wearied, torn, and disgusted, I cast myself on the ground, under the shade of a friendly beech, and as Apollo appeared sulky at my sneering at his prowess, I dismissed him, after receiving some instructions as to my road homeward. After resting myself, I looked about me and discovered I was on a well-cultivated grass farm ; I then "*hied*" my dogs forward, and commenced beating the fields, and to my great delight I found both quail and woodcock in reality.

The fields being fresh mown, there was no lay for the birds, but to my satisfaction I saw that the quail mostly flew to a piece of long grass in the centre of the meadows which was left unmown. I therefore beat all round this, and drove the game into it. Having accomplished my undertaking, I entered the grass, which was thick and up to my waist. Quail after quail arose, and as often fell to my gun ; and I became so elated with my success, that all thought of pain, fatigue, black snake, or copper-head, was gone, and though I did now and then hear a rustling in the grass which made me start, when I picked up a shot bird, I was much too delighted to heed such trifles. My pockets were getting heavy, and I was in

* Not many years ago, the country people of the United States were quite ignorant of the value of a woodcock, and very few would eat the bird. Woodcocks were scarce, but since the country has become so highly cultivated, these birds have appeared in great numbers, and thousands are sent into the market by the country people.

the very centre of the grass, when I heard a shout from a hill at some distance, and looking up, I saw a person who by his gestures appeared to be in the highest state of excitement.

Now I had hitherto always found it to be the best practice, when challenged afar off by enraged farmers or their servants, as a trespasser, to be both blind and deaf until the persecutors approach; during which time one may either quietly make off, or feign ignorance of any improper intentions. The sport at this time was too good, and cost too much labor, to be easily given up; and although I heard the fellow bellowing at the top of his voice, and saw him running as fast as his legs could carry him, I still continued shooting. At last he was near enough to make himself heard.

"Holloa! there, you tarnation fool! come out of that *long grass*."

"O yes," thought I, "seed-ground, very likely; but hie on, good dogs, we may get a brace of birds before his short legs can reach us."

"Come out of that *long grass*!" again rang in my ears.

"Not till I can't help it, my lad," thinks I; "hie on there, we have a dozen bexies if we have one in this piece of stuff yet."

"Oh! you *contancarious* varmint! Come out of that *long grass*!"

The enemy's close upon us; one shot more, and then to close quarters.

"By the eternal! be you mad, or be you deaf?" cried the man, now at the edge of the grass, and in an agony of excitement. "Due you wish to be a dead man? Come out of that *long grass*, I say."

His last words, spoken with great vehemence, made me pause; steel-traps and spring-guns came into my thoughts.

"Come out, come out of that *long grass*, or, by the eternal, you are a gone sucker; almighty smash, don't you know that is my *snake grass*? come out, you tarnation fool!"

"Snake grass," said I in a low tone, raising myself on tiptoe, and standing on the very smallest space of ground. "Snake grass, sir; what's snake grass?"

"Come out, I say; and if you get away without death in your carcass, which, by the immortal pumpkin, I rather guess you never will, I'll tell you what snake grass is."

Trembling, I crept out of the grass, and approached the farmer, who stood wiping the perspiration from his head.

"Well," said he, "I have heard tell on darned fools that go on bird-hunts, but may I be obsquatilated eternally; if I ever thought

a feller was fool enough to go into a piece of *Jarsay* snake grass, after a poor miserable quail."

"Pray, sir, what do you mean by *snake grass*?"

"Not know what *snake grass* is? Well, I might have seen by your out'ards that you wern't of this location. But do n't you know these here clearings are chockful of all kinds of varmint snakes? When we mows we leave a piece of long grass for the tarnation reptiles to go into, and when the grass gets dry, you see, we sets fire to it, and burns all the venomous varmints, and so makes kind of a clearance of the snakes every year. Lord a marcy! when I seed you in my long grass—which ought to be chockful of coppers—I thought you must be a gone sucker; and how on arth you escaped, is beyond all, and that's a fact."

I felt sick and faint, and leaned upon my gun for support. My escape had been miraculous. Thanking the farmer for his kindness in warning me of my danger, and declining his invitation to partake of refreshment at his abode, I made the best of my way to Colonel Obadiah's.

On my arrival, I found that the whole male household was in the fields at work; I, therefore, left my thanks for the Colonel, and having put to my horse, I drove off towards New York, contrasting all I had heard and read of the "Wild Sports of the West," with the pleasures of my first day's gunning in New Jarsay.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

A correspondent writes to us as follows:—"There is at Fir Grove, Weybridge, the residence of Sir John Easthope, a fine copy of the celebrated portrait of Jane, of Aragon, by Raphael, the history of which is curious. It belonged to the present President of the French Republic, who asked Sir John £5,000 for it,—assigning as a reason for this enormous demand that *it was the original*. He affirmed that his uncle, the Emperor, had had it copied—had hung the copy on the walls of the Louvre—and had given the original to Queen Hortense, his (the President's) mother, from whom he inherited it. Sir John Easthope afterwards bought the picture at the sale of Louis Napoleon's effects, just before the celebrated debarkation at Boulogne. This is a remarkable specimen of '*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*' with regard to honesty. Did the prince really expect to turn his uncle's fraud into hard cash? Did he believe the story, and think it a clever thing, and his own title as against the French nation a good one?"—*Athenæum*.

COLLECTANEA.

THE GOLD DIGGERS.

The chain which bowed us to the ground
 (The heavier than of Gold),
 Is daily, by your toil, unwound,
 And loosened of its hold:
 Another link!—another, still!—
 Another!—Labor, then, your fill!
 A little space we soon shall gain
 To breathe—and gasp for life again.

Ye cannot eat that Gold
 Which ye so much desire,
 Nor drink the bullion roll'd
 From the refiner's fire:
 Hunger will claim his tribute due;
 Cold biteth still your garments through;
 The thousand wants of life will press,
 And Gold—alone—is valueless.

But, springing from his trance,
 Leaps Labor into life!—
 The nimble shuttles glance!
 The thronging mill is rife
 With busy hands!—the furnace glowing!
 The smith his giant strength bestowing,
 To fashion, for your use, the steel:—
 For you revolves the mighty wheel!

Dig deep, ye daring men,
 And labor; ye are right!
 Forth from his selfish den,
 Drag the bright fiend to light!
 The usurer now, in turn, may quake,
 Nor hope his godless gains to make;
 For every stroke ye make sets free
 A man, and gives us liberty!

Reason (in vain) assailed
 The sullen pride of pelf;
 A nation's ruin failed
 To shake the soul of self:
 Unclasped awhile—to close again,
 The heavier grew the gilded chain.
 God's providence alone a door
 Hath ope'd, and Gold shall chain no more!

HURRY AND HASTE.

"Never do anything in a hurry," is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr. Warren. "No one in a hurry can possibly have his wits about him; and remember, that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him; he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life; he resolv-

ed never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquillity, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. "How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?" said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. "Because it's so expensive," he replied, with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation, and don't you."—*Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.*

PARIS FASHIONS.

A shade of blue, now much in vogue for velvet *chapeaux*, is called *bleu President*; forty years ago, I am told, by a dowager who remembers every fashion that has appeared for a longer period than that, it was *bleu Josephine*; then *bleu Elodie*, after the heroine of the romantic Viscount d'Arlencourt. Forgotten for some time, it reappeared as *bleu Caroline*, in compliment to the Dutchesse de Berry; under the new dynasty it became *bleu Louise*, being a favorite color of the present Queen of the Belgians before her marriage. After that of the Duke of Orleans, it appeared as *bleu Hélène*. What, in the name of wonder, will its next appellation be? But to return to the *chapeaux bleu President*; they are always lined with white satin, and ornamented with a black lace *pointe*, thrown negligently on the brim, and descending in long lappets, which may either be left floating or tied under the chin.—*Belle Assemblée.*

RIPE BREAD.

Bread made of wheat flour, when taken out of the oven, is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through a change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons, or persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat bread immediately after being baked, without any sen-

sible injury from it—but weakly and aged persons cannot—and none can eat such without doing harm to the digestive organs. Bread, after being baked, goes through a change similar to the change in newly-brewed beer, or newly-churned buttermilk, neither being healthy until after the change. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. He that eats old ripe bread will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon, and imbibes oxygen. One thing in connection with this thought should be noticed by all housewives; it is, to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening—hence it should ripen where the air is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom. The noxious vapors of a cellar or a cupboard never should enter into, and form a part of the bread we eat. Bread should be light, well baked, and properly ripened before it should be eaten. Bread that is several days old may be renewed, so as to have all the freshness and lightness of new bread, by simply putting it into a common steamer over the fire, and steaming it half or three quarters of an hour. The vessel under the steamer containing the water should not be more than half full, otherwise the water may boil up into the steamer and wet the bread. After the bread is thus steamed, it should be taken out of the steamer and wrapped loosely in a cloth, to dry and cool, and remain so a short time, when it will be ready to be cut and used. It will then be like cold new bread.—*American Farmer*.

A new French journal, *Le Pays*, gives some account of a philanthropic scheme conceived, and about to be executed, by M. Chabert, in the interest of the laboring classes—which extends in some useful respects the principle of the English model lodging-house. His project is, to erect in each of the arrondissements of Paris, what he calls "Laborers' Cities." Clean and airy lodgings are to be provided for the tenants, at a price below that of their present tainted abodes; consisting of a kitchen, bed-chamber, and sitting-room, heated by stoves in winter, which are to be ventilators in summer. A common washhouse will be established for each "city,"—and bathing-houses, the tickets for which will be so distributed among the tenants as to allow a certain number of baths per month to each inhabitant. Furnished chambers will be provided, at 6 or 8 francs a month, for workmen who have no means of purchasing furniture; a portion of the weekly sum going

as rent, and the remainder to liquidate the furniture by instalments, and finally make it the tenant's own. Each "city" is to have a public hall, warmed as a place of shelter for the poor of the arrondissement; and this will be also a rendezvous for the unemployed workmen of the district—where masters may find all sorts of handicraftsmen on demand. The workmen will inscribe their names with the inspector of the "city,"—whose certificate will be a testimonial to employers in search of hands. In several of the arrondissements, physicians have already offered their gratuitous services to these intended establishments.

PERSIAN POLITENESS.

When the Persian Ambassador visited the famous gallery of Scottish Princes, at Holyrood, "You paint all these yourself?" said his Excellency to the housekeeper. "Me, Sir?—hoot, no, Sir; I canna paint, please your honor." "You not know, ma'am, you try, ma'am. You do a great deal better, ma'am."—*Quarterly Review*.

MR. JOHN O'KEEFFE.

The *Morning Herald* gives the following as one of the latest gems of the Dublin *Hue and Cry*: "John O'Keeffe absconded on the 4th of January, taking with him two large mahogany tables, seven chairs, nine silver tea and ten silver egg spoons. He has a cracked voice when speaking—which was dressed in a blue coat, trousers, stock, and hat! was a sexton in Trinity Church, Lower Gardiner-street, and a porter in the savings' bank, Abbey-street, where he resided. He has friends in Tallaght, county Dublin, cousins in Gosford, and also in Alfred street, London; sisters at Newcastle and the Canal Bridge, and is also at Earfield, Ballymote!"

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A splendid specimen of mosaic pavement has been placed in the national collection at the British Museum, in the passage leading to the gallery Xanthian Antiquities. The specimen is about eight feet square—was found in the ruins of Carthage, on the spot assigned as the site of the Temple of Neptune,—and was purchased by the Trustees of the Museum. On reaching this country it was found broken in innumerable pieces; but under the hand of Sir R. Westmacott it has been restored. It represents the head of a sea-god, with flowing beard, and feet of the sea-horse.

It is said that a lady of the family of a literary French ex-minister now in England, is translating "Jane Eyre" into French.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLISH COPYRIGHT IN AMERICA AFFECTED BY THE NEW POSTAL TARIFF.—The following statement is made by the New York correspondent of one of the daily papers:—"Looking at the relative positions of Great Britain and America, it is hardly possible to overrate the value of the new postal treaty received by the Europa, and which is now in action, having been at once ratified by the United States Senate. Its terms have given universal satisfaction on this side, and great and deserved credit is awarded to Mr. Bancroft, for the ability and indefatigable earnestness with which he urged the question. Without detailing the several articles of the treaty, it is sufficient to state its provisions generally. By the terms of this treaty the rates of postage are as follows:—'Postage across the sea, 16 cents, or 8d. sterling. English inland postage, 3 cents, or 1 1-2d. sterling. United States inland postage, 5 cents, or 2 1-2d. sterling. The sea postage paid to the vessel performing the service. Transit rate through this country to Canada, 5 cents, or 2 1-2d. sterling; and 25 per cent. for paying by the ounce, instead of paying by letter. Transit through England, the inland postage, and 25 per cent. Transit through Canada; the Canadian rates:—Newspapers between England and the United States, and *vice versa*, 2 cents, or 1d. sterling. Periodicals weighing two ounces, 1d. or 2 cents, or 1d. sterling; over two and under three ounces, 6d., or 12 cents; over 3, and under 6 ounces, 8d., or 16 cents; and 2d., or 4 cents., for each ounce or fraction.' It is provided, that in the event of war between the two nations, the mail-steamers are to continue running, unless six weeks' notice be given by either one or the other. The great boon is, in the fact of newspapers being now mailable at a postage of 1d. sterling, and that the postages of every kind are optional as to pre-payment. I cannot avoid calling attention to the door thus opened for the admission into Great Britain of English copyright works, reprinted in the cheap American newspapers. Thus, for instance, one of the New York Sunday papers of this week publishes the whole of Dickens's new Christmas work in its columns in one publication; *the paper is sold for three-halfpence sterling; many hundreds are mailed by the steamer to-day*, and it is a matter of impossibility to check this serious violation of copyright, unless every postmaster in the country is turned into a sort of literary examiner. It is strange that our

English officials did not see that the Yankees were thus certain to get to windward of them. Of course, the Americans say that English newspapers can take like liberties with American copyright works. Newspapers in this country exist by the gross, some printers issue a dozen from one and the same forge; the poorest persons subscribe to them, and I have no doubt whatever but that the majority of the weekly prints will now publish the most valuable and modern copyright English works, solely with a view to their sale on the other side of the water. Already we have the first volume of *Macaulay's History of England*, announced in *two weeks' publications of a newspaper, at a cost of threepence*. This is done in hopes of a large sale under the new postage law. It is to be hoped that the dilemma into which the British officials have fallen, will be the means of promoting an equitable international law of copyright. A minister of such high literary reputation as Mr. Bancroft, is, of all others, best suited to bring about such a desirable object."

Mr. Robert Cadell, the eminent bookseller, and friend and publisher of Sir Walter Scott, died at Ratho House, near Edinburgh, on the 20th inst. He was the son-in-law and successor of Archibald Constable, and rose into eminence as a publisher on the ruin of the celebrated firm of Scott, Constable and Ballantyne. It was Mr. Cadell who suggested to Scott the republication of his novels and romances in monthly five-shilling volumes; and it was Mr. Cadell's tact and sagacity as a publisher that ultimately righted Scott's affairs, and set—as we recorded last week to be the case—the whole estate of Abbotsford free from incumbrance. As his great hit was the monthly five-shilling issue of the novels, so his great mistake was his so-called Abbotsford edition,—which is said to have cost him upwards of thirty-five thousand pounds, and is known to have been a heavy article on his shelves. He had little taste in art,—but thought he knew a good deal about it. He paid largely for what he wanted, made a parade of well-known names, and picked up, rather by accident than anything else, a few happy illustrations. He was never in an extensive way of business with authors. He published for Capt. Basil Hall,—and, like all the "great houses," had an "Art of Cookery" of his own; but latterly he confined his attention to working the Scott copyrights in every

possible shape for a speedy sale. This he did so well, that he has died possessed of a handsome estate in land, a large sum of realized money, and the entire copyright of the complete works of Sir Walter Scott. Within the comparatively short period of twenty-two years, Mr. Cadell was able to make as large a fortune through the works of one author alone, as old Jacob Tonson succeeded in scraping together after fifty years' dealings with at least fifty authors, and with patent rights for government printing, which Mr. Cadell never had. This large sum is the more remarkable, when it is remembered that the writings of Scott were not first published by Mr. Cadell—that his fortune was made by the sale of works of which the public had already bought so largely, that many were in their fifth and sixth editions.

Sir Francis Head, it appears, is the author of the article on the North-Western Railway, in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. Sir Francis is so well pleased with the success of the article that he has greatly enlarged it, with a view to separate publication, to be called "Stokers and Pokers."

THE COMMON WATCH.—The common watch is in many of its parts a very ill-constructed machine. The train of wheelwork which transmits the motion of the main spring, for example, is contrived on principles so faulty that they would be scouted by every practised mechanic. Yet there can be no doubt that any attempt to introduce a better machine would utterly fail as a commercial enterprise. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been specially provided to fashion and cut every one of the minuter parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Mr. Dent in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution stated that every watch consisted of at least 202 pieces, employing probably 215 persons, distributed among forty trades—to say nothing of the tool-makers for all these. If we were now materially to alter the construction of the watch, all those trades would have to be relearned, new tools and wheel-cutting engines to be devised,—and the majority of the workmen to begin life again. During this interval, the price of the new instrument would be enormously enhanced. We should again hear men speak, like Maevolio, of "winding up their watches" as a token of magnificent wealth. Thus, in our complicated state of society, even machines in process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of "vested interests" which embarrass all our attempts at improvement.—*Edinburgh Review*.

ELASTIC MOULDS.—At the school of design, Mr. Young Mitchell, the master, gave a lecture, illustrated by experiments, on the art of making elastic moulds. It has great advantages over the old plan. The moulds may be made at small cost, and with great rapidity. That which would occupy five or six days in the modelling, may be furnished by this process in half that number of hours. By the facility thus afforded, beautiful forms may be multiplied so cheaply as to be brought within the reach of all. The principal material used for the elastic moulds is glue or gelatine. The best fish glue will answer as well as gelatine, and is much cheaper. The material is dissolved, like glue, in a vessel placed over the fire in a pot of hot water, stirring it during the process. To each pound of the gelatine it is necessary to add three-quarters of a pint of water, and half an ounce of bees' wax. It is ready for use when about the thickness of syrup. The model must be oiled carefully with sweet oil,—and the composition must be poured upon it while warm, but not boiling. Having set, it may be taken off the model. When the model is small it should be placed in a shoe or case, which gives facility for shaking the mould well when the plaster is poured, so as to drive it well into the crevices. The plaster should be fine; and in order that it may harden and set quickly, about half an ounce of alum should be added to each pint of water used in mixing it. Before using the mould it should be carefully oiled. Great care is required in mixing the plaster, and watching it when in the mould, for if it be allowed to remain long enough to heat, the mould is destroyed. Mr. Mitchell exhibited moulds, and casts were taken from them in the presence of the audience. Mr. Mitchell also exhibited a specimen of stearine, and explained how casts may be made with a shining and wax-like appearance.—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*.

The *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel* contains the following list of pictures which have perished before the destructive hand of the Paris mob. It is well known that the Palace of Neuilly was partially burnt. The Palais Royal also suffered in the same. These buildings both contained many of the finest pictures of the French school. The remnants only remain heaped up in a confused mass in the Salle Henri Quatre of the palace of the Louvre. The "Neapolitan Improvisatore," of Leopold Robert, has disappeared. This picture was originally intended by Robert to represent "Corinne au Cap Misène." After painful efforts to give the requisite *pose* and

expression to the heroine, he scraped the figure out of the canvass and painted in the figure of the improvisatore. So much for the history of this picture, which is now lost. It is supposed to have been torn to pieces, as a portion of it was seen in a picture shop near the Louvre. The "Mamelouck" of Géricault has disappeared, — as well as the "Soldat Laboureur" of Horace Vernet, and the "Marée d'Equinoxe" of Roqueplan. Two exquisite heads by Masaccio, Charles V. and Isabella of Portugal — and Eleanor of Austria, by Holbein — have been lost from the Palais Royal. — Henry IV. and Catherine de Medicis, by Porbus, are gone. Amongst the pictures by living artists which have perished, are the "Oath of the three Swiss," by Steuben; "Gustave Wasa," by Hersent; "The Brigand's Wife," by Schnetz; "Love — and

Psyche," by Picot; besides others of less note. Horace Vernet has suffered most. "The attack of the Gate of Constantine" has been cut from the stretcher and taken away. Many other canvasses were cut through, but not taken away. The battle pieces of Hanau, Montmirail, Jemappes, and Valmy, "The Confession of the Dying Brigand," the "Revue de Hussards," have been cut to pieces with swords. "Camille Desmoulins arborant la Cocarde Verte," and the portrait of the Peasant Girl of Arricia, have shared the same fate. "The Neapolitan Mother crying over the Ruins of her Cottage, thrown down by an Earthquake," one of the masterpieces of Leopold Robert, has been pierced in a hundred places by bayonets. "The White Horse of Géricault" has also disappeared, — as well as Prudhon's portrait of Talleyrand.

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF BAHAWALPUR; with notices of the adjacent Countries of Sindh, Afghanistan, Multan, and the West of India. By Shahamet Ali, Author of "The Sikhs and Afghans."

Bahawalpur — laid down in most maps as Daoudpootra, the capital alone being marked as Bahawalpur — is a district adjacent to the present seat of war; the Khan having lately assisted Edwardes, and his family having always continued friendly to the English since their first connection with Elphinstone in the early part of the century.

The history proper in this book is the translation of an abridgement of the "family annals of Nawab Bahawal Khan." It was

made under the direction of Captain Cunningham; was turned into English by Shahamet Ali, as an exercise in India; and is now published, with some official documents and original remarks, in consequence of the manner in which the ruler of Bahawalpur has lately come before the public. The story begins with the eighth century of the Christian era; passing rapidly over some periods, and dwelling fully upon others. The narrative has more incident and a less juvenile character than some native memoirs; but the remoteness and smallness of the subject, the want of unity or end in the history, with the "blue boory" character of the volume, render it of little interest to English readers, unless they have some object in view in consulting it. — *Spect.*

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